



PROCESSED BY THE  
STON LIBRARY  
MAY 19 1906

# The Black Cat



**SEPTEMBER 1906**

**An Unrepealed Law \$150 Prize**

Pauline C. Bouvé

**The Dead Line**

Ward Wilson

**Easy Money**

Borden H. Mills

**The Truthful Hobo at White Ridge**

Joel Smith

**When the Parrot Spoke**

Clifford Howard

**Price 5 Cents**



'TIS--HEALTHY--  
DECENT --- WISE

'T IS—a fine habit—self-  
respect—due to others—  
proven thrift—a simple duty  
—better than cosmetics.

**Be Clean**

**USE HAND  
SAPOLIO**

# LOWNEY'S

## CHOCOLATE BON-BONS

*Pure  
Delicious  
Healthful*

*The Most  
Perfect of  
Confections*



REG'D U.S.  
PAT. OFF.



The  
Choicest of Chocolate  
Purest of Cane Sugar  
Finest Nuts & Fruits and  
Purest Extracts of Fruits & Flowers  
*Nothing Else!*

*"Name  
on Every  
Piece"*

The WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.  
BOSTON, MASS.

COCOA AND  
CHOCOLATE



## 20 FINE POST CARDS FOR ONLY **Eight Cents**

For the purpose of introducing our popular publications and securing new customers for them, we will send **Twenty Fine Colored Post Cards** by mail post-paid to any address upon receipt of only **Eight Cents** in postage stamps. These cards are beautifully printed in three colors upon fine, heavy, coated card stock, and the subjects embrace a pleasing variety which includes Christmas, Easter, Valentine and Birthday designs, copies of Famous Paintings, pictures of Pretty Girls, U. S. Battleships, views of Niagara Falls, the Brooklyn Bridge, the U. S. Capitol at Washington and a fine assortment of comics. They are the kind of post cards that are sold in some stores at the rate of two for five cents, in others as high as five cents each; at the lowest estimate, therefore, the twenty cards that we offer for *eight cents* post-paid are worth 50 cents at retail. This is purely an introductory offer; we make no profit. *Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be refunded.* Address: **F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, No. 27 City Hall Place, New York.**

## Authors' Agency.

Send stamp for New BOOKLET to

**Fifteenth Year.** Candid, suggestive **Criticism**, literary and technical **Revision**, practical **Advice**, **Disposal**, **Instruction**. Specialties: Fiction, Plays, Verse, and MSS. for **Prize Contests**. REFERENCES: Wm. D. Howells, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Thos. Nelson Page, Mary Wilkins Freeman, and others.  
**WM. A. DRESSER,**  
**R. 10, 400 Broadway,**  
**Cambridge, Mass.**

Mention *The Black Cat*.

## AUTHORS, ATTENTION!

**Write a Song.** Fortunes are made annually. We write Music to your words. Arrange, Secure publication, Copyright, etc. **VINCENNES MUSIC CO., Dept. E, 5647 Prairie Ave., Chicago Ill.**



## "23 SKIDOO" BADGE, 2c

You know what Skidoo means. It's the latest joke out, and our badges are all the rage in New York. Get one at once, be up-to-date, and join the "Skidoo League." One badge sent post paid with our big Catalogue of Novelities, Jewelry, etc., for only 2c in stamps. Address **S. DRAKE, Dept. 70 539 Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

## SONGS PUBLISHED ON

**ROYALTY** By NEW YORK'S BIG MUSIC FIRM. No charge for writing music. **NORTH AMERICAN MUSIC CO., Dept. C, 59 W. 28th Street, New York.**

## \$15 in Prizes for a Poem

We want a poem, and for one that suits our needs we will pay \$15. For conditions of contest and other information address, **THE MOCKING BIRD, Dept. B, NEWNAN, GA.**

**50 for 10 Cents** We will send you by mail postpaid a sample box of **50 Beautiful Sea Shells for 10c.** Cash or stamps. **CHARLES & DAY, 2634 Eighth Ave., New York City**

## LEARN SCIENTIFIC BUSINESS LETTER WRITING

We will teach you by mail to write the kind of letters that will build up business to tremendous proportions; commands high salary. We will criticise your letter of inquiry free, if you ask for it, when writing for full particulars.

**Page-Davis School of Business-Letter Writing**  
Dept. 925, 90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

## Writer's Red Book

A handy guide to success for young authors. Tells how to prepare manuscript; how standard stories are written; has key plan which classifies the magazines and indicates the particular classes of matter required by each; enables the writer to determine to what magazine his story or sketch is best suited and tells how to market it. Contains complete classified lists of all the principal publications and manuscript buyers in this country and England. Send ten cents in stamps for a copy to

**NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE**  
26-52 Second National Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

## ADD TO YOUR INCOME \$25 to \$75 a Week

By writing special articles and conducting newspaper and magazine departments. Wherever you live, country or city, whatever your line of work, whether man or woman, you can become independent in a short time, and thoroughly equipped to conduct any department on any newspaper or magazine. We teach you by mail how to use every-day experiences, turning them into special articles for which all periodicals pay well.

This work may be done at your own home without interfering with your regular occupation.

We teach you how to answer any question on any topic that your correspondents may ask. Our plan of instruction has received the warm endorsement of writers and Department Editors, whose letters are on file in our offices.

Our prospectus tingles with inspiration. It will certainly interest you. Write to us and we will send it to you free.

**AMERICAN EDITORIAL INSTITUTE**  
165 Calumet Building - - - - Chicago

## THE STORY DOCTOR

Will tell you just how to change your rejected stories to make them sell. He is an expert author, critic, and doctor of lame stories. Try him with a short one and see. It costs only \$2. We also give lessons by mail in newspaper reporting, story writing, etc. Our instructors are active editors on great Chicago dailies. Catalogue free. **Practical School of Journalism, 1 Opera House, Chicago**

## IF YOU ARE A WRITER

We can aid you to find a market for anything you write.

**MSS. SUCCESSFULLY PLACED,**  
Criticised, Revised, Typewritten.

References: Edwin Markham, Margaret E. Sangster, and others. Established 1890. Send for leaflet E.

**UNITED LITERARY PRESS 123 5th AVE. NEW YORK.**

**SONG POEMS WANTED,** also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We Compose and Arrange melody **FREE** of charge. **GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO. 150 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.**

## A SUCCESSFUL SONG

Will make a fortune. We will publish and show you how. We write words to music and music to words. References. **Mozart Music Co., 51 W. 28 St., N.Y.**

**SONG-POEMS** and musical manuscript arranged. Publication secured. Cash or royalty if available.

**Wainwright Music Co., 78-102 Evergreen Ave. Chicago**

**SONG-POEMS ON ROYALTY,** and music published introduced and popularized.

Music written or perfected. Send MSS. Copyright secured. **Popular Music Pub. Co., (Inc.) 556 Enterprise Bldg., Chicago**

**SONG WRITERS** Your Poems May Be Worth **THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS** Send them to us to-day; we will compose the Music. **HAYES MUSIC CO., 14 Star Bldg., Chicago.**

**SONG WRITERS and POETS** We compose music to your words—25 yrs. experience. Send manuscript. **Groom Music Co., 4 Steinway Hall, Chicago**

**SEND YOUR SONG POEMS TO ME**

I will write the music and present to Big N. Y. Publishers. I made a fortune writing songs and can help you do the same. My songs "Blue Bell" and "Way Down In My Heart" achieved world-wide fame. Write to-day for Free Booklet **EDWARD MADDEN, 45 Madden Bldg., New York**

**SONG WRITING PAYS BIG** Your poems may be worth thousands of dollars. We write music to your words. Simple little poems often make great "hits". We pay royalty, publish and popularize.

**BROWN MUSIC CO., 357 TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK CITY**



# WRITERS

We sell Stories, Poems, Jokes, Illustrations, Designs, Photos, etc., on Commission

for people who depend on our knowledge and facilities for better prices and quick sales. We want to hear especially from people who have had work published. Our booklet "Cash Returns" explaining our system, sent for four cents postage. No replies to post cards.



**THE BURELL SYNDICATE**  
750 Gramercy Bldg., N.Y. City

# ARTISTS

## I Can Help You Make Money

**Nothing Pays Like Success in Writing Fiction — 1c. to 5c. a Word** We sell and syndicate stories and book MSS. on commission; we criticize and revise them, and tell you where to sell them. **Story-Writing and Journalism** taught by mail. Endorsed by leading newspapers, magazines, and book publishers. Send for our free booklet, "Writing for Profit" ; tells how and gives the proof. **Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief. Founded, 1895.**

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 68 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



## THE WAY INTO PRINT

By Jack London, Albert Bigelow Paine, Frank H. Sweet, R. H. Davis, Waldon Fawcett, Elliot Walker, Leslie W. Quirk and editors of the Woman's Home Companion, Munsey's, Christian Endeavor World, National, etc.

Fourteen practical, helpful articles by world-famous authors and editors, covering all subjects from the short story and versification to the literary market. Not essays, but how-to-write and how-to-sell articles. Worth a dozen courses in any correspondence school. **Twenty-five cents postpaid.**

EDITOR PUBLISHING CO., 150 Nassau St., N. Y. City

## WE WANT SONG-POEMS FORTUNES ARE MADE FROM THEM

Send your MSS. to us—it may make you rich. Simple little poems often make great "hits". Our successful N.Y. composers set your words to music, and we publish and popularize the song, place it on the market, and pay you highest royalty.

MELVILLE MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, - 53 WEST 28th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

## WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

AND we will write the music and present to Big Music Publishers in New York, the World's Greatest Musical centre. Send us your poems for our honest opinion. One of them may prove a "hit" and **MAKE YOU RICH.** Egbert Van Alstyne, author of "Shade of Old Apple Tree," says: "Your plan is a Boon to song writers." **WRITE** a postal now for our **FREE BOOKLET** and full information. Metropolitan Music Co., 910 St. James Bldg., New York

## Free Help in Placing YOUR STORIES

We teach you by mail to write the kind of stories that editors want, and we charge you nothing for helping to place your work. Write for our practical plan.

**PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL** of Short-Story Writing  
Dept. S.25, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

## WRITE for Money



## TO COMPOSERS MUSIC

### MANUSCRIPTS ACCEPTED

We help you to get your manuscripts accepted by arranging and correcting the same from a practical standpoint. Nine manuscripts out of ten are rejected because they are not properly arranged. Send to-day for our booklet.

### "How to Succeed"

**FREE!** It tells you everything about music arranging and publishing.

**THE WITMARK MUSIC LIBRARY**  
(Branch B)  
20 WITMARK BUILDING, N. Y.

## SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading as in other systems. No long list of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command.

The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily practice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high-grade positions everywhere. Send to-day for booklets, testimonials, etc.

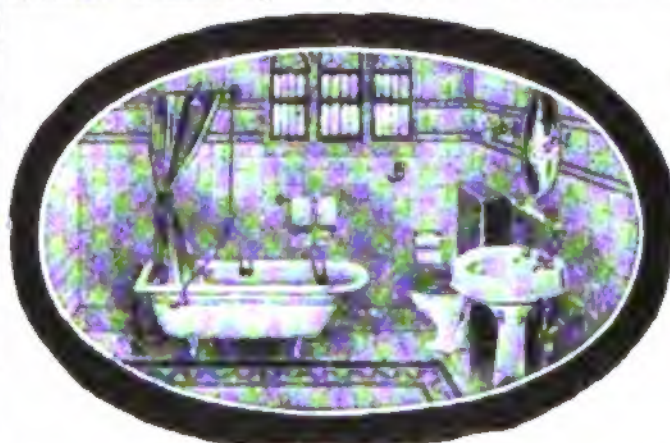
**CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
935 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.



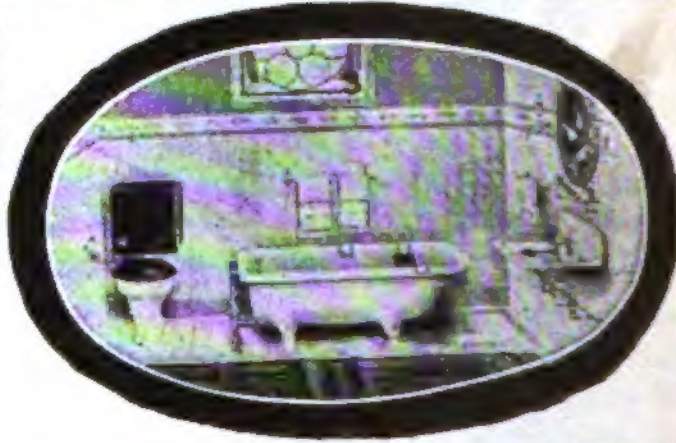
# Plumbing & Heating Material

## Sold to Consumers at Manufacturers Price

Clean—Sanitary—Odorless    Newest Designs    Best Appliances    Finest Nickel Trimmings



We sell you these modern Bath Room Outfits direct—you need not pay exorbitant profits to your plumber.



Prices for Outfits as Shown:

No. 1. \$37.50    No. 2. \$44.00    No. 3. \$55.00    No. 5. \$110.00



Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Connections easily made. Any ordinary mechanic can install with the aid of our comprehensive working plans and instructions. Ask for Book—Modern Methods of Sanitary Plumbing—containing charts, drawings and diagrams, showing how any ordinary mechanic can install plumbing fixtures without wiping joints. Also tells how to secure perfect sanitation. Price, 50c. We will send it free if you mention this Magazine.

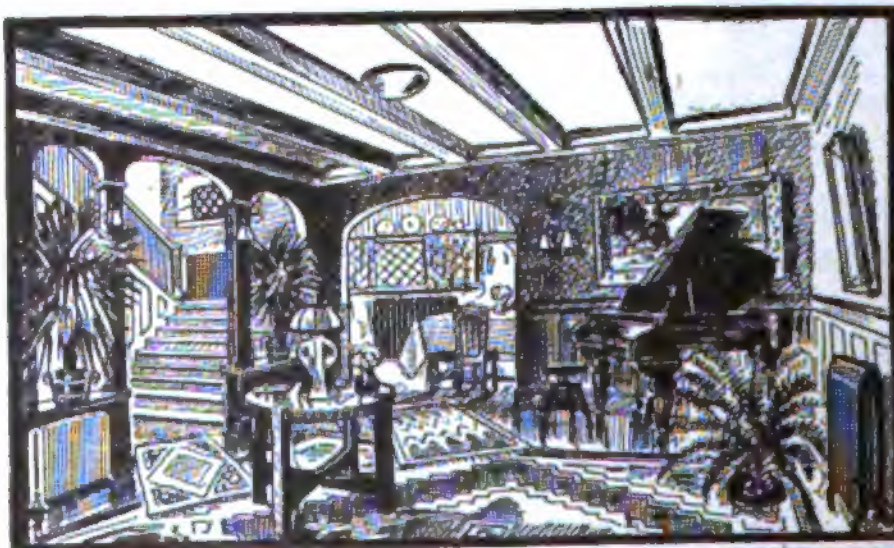
## Heating Plants for Buildings of Every Kind

We can save you from 30 to 50 per cent.

Send us sketch or diagram of your house for our estimate.

Steam and Hot Water plants of most modern construction.

We employ an efficient engineering department that will cheerfully furnish you ideas as to the correct method of heating your home or building. We guarantee sat-



isfaction. Any one used to handling tools can install our heating plants either in a new or old building by following our complete yet simple instructions.

Write for our Book "Cold Weather Comfort." Useful information and heating guide. It tells you every phase of the heating question—also gives full and necessary information on the care of your plant. Mailed free to anyone mentioning this Magazine. Price to others, 25c. Ask also for our general 500-page Catalogue, No. A. E. 605, on merchandise for the Home, the Field and the Workshop.



MODERN HEATING APPARATUS CAN BE EASILY INSTALLED IN ANY BUILDING. WE WILL MAKE YOU PLANS AND FURNISH FULL INSTRUCTIONS.

# CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO.

35<sup>TH</sup> AND IRON STREETS. CHICAGO.



# The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Vol. XL., No. 12.  
Whole No., 132.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

5 cents a copy.  
50 cents a year.

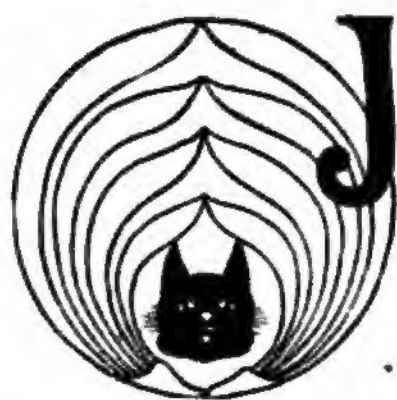
Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories—every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent unrolled, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

**CAUTION.**—*The entire contents of THE BLACK CAT are protected by copyright, and publishers everywhere are cautioned against reproducing any of the stories, either wholly or in part.*

## An Unrepealed Law.\*

BY PAULINE C. BOUVÉ.



JACOB ELICH sat on the back door-stoop and gazed upon his tulip beds complacently. As the rings of blue smoke were blown upward from his T. D. pipe his eyelids drooped until there were only two very narrow rims of greenish blue visible to the flaxen-haired girl who sat on the step below him, knitting a long gray stocking. The flush on her soft round cheek seemed to be the result of some inward rather than external warmth, and the long lashes that fringed her eyes quivered ever so slightly now and then, and the plump little fingers were long picking up the stitches that would drop, no matter how hard the small hands tried to hold the long steel needle steadily and evenly.

“So,” said Jacob Elich at last, after an unusually long puff, “so you would marry that young Hosenklaver and leave your old uncle and the house here to do as best they can?”

The flush on Minna Stofer's pretty face deepened to a rich crimson at her uncle's words.

\* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved. The author of this story received a cash prize of \$150 in THE BLACK CAT story competition ending October 12, 1904.

“Yes, uncle” she said in a very low voice. “But I could come every day and right you up, Claus would not mind and —

“Claus may go to the devil,” said the old man testily. “I care nothing for Claus. He’s an idler and a spendthrift and will come to want and ruin and bring you there with him.”

“That is not true of Claus!” The voice was quite steady now and a pair of flashing brown eyes were turned upon the old man proudly and defiantly.

Jacob Elich refilled his pipe leisurely, rubbed his bald head reflectively, and then began to puff away again.

“’Tis always the way of a woman,” he remarked, gazing upward on the barn roof reflectively. “They never remember the proverb ‘Wedlock rides in the saddle and repentance in the crupper.’ If you must marry this Claus, niece, why, then I suppose you must. You are your own mistress since last November, when you had your twenty-first birthday. Only, he may understand, you will have no dower from me.”

“We want no dower, Uncle Jacob — only, only — if you could spare me a little to buy some clothes — I should not wish to go to my husband like a beggar bride.”

“Clothes, clothes, clothes,” grumbled the old man. “A woman is always begging for finery.”

“Begging,” cried the girl, “is it begging to ask you for a few clothes when I have worked and slaved and toiled to make you comfortable ever since I was old enough to sweep and bake and sew for you? Begging, indeed! I am only asking for what is mine by every law of right and justice. That is what Katrina van Tassel and all of the neighbors say.” And Minna, no longer able to control her long-pent-up tears began to sob convulsively.

Jacob Elich pulled his heavy steel-rimmed spectacles from his pocket and surveyed his niece with calm disapproval. The pretty, plump Minna Stofer was nearer to his somewhat flinty heart than everything else, except his money. His neat little house, with its trim garden and flower beds, was dear to him because it stood for just so many round dollars. The feather beds, old Dutch linen and china, and squatty mahogany furniture, which were his by inheritance, he regarded merely as articles that might be converted into cash and he respected them accordingly. His pigs, his poul-



try, his bee-hives, and entire property, from real estate to his kitchen tinware, represented to him, not comfort and respectability, but the mere fact of possession, and were dear to him in greater or less degree, according to their intrinsic and pecuniary value.

Jacob Elich was a most respectable citizen. He had the greatest veneration for law and order and propriety, but he was undisguisedly and frankly a miser. He spoke of himself as a man of forethought and prudence, giving measure for measure and taking those business advantages only to which the law entitled him. His neighbors called him a skinflint and a miser, but Jacob smiled shrewdly when such remarks came to his ear and fell to quoting the proverb, "Every man's friend is every man's fool." For every occasion in life he had a proverb tucked away somewhere in his shiny bald head, and it was the reiteration of these familiar old sayings that had come nearer to making Minna ill-tempered than anything else in her somewhat dull young life. But her life was not dull now, for Claus Hosenklaver had asked her to be his wife and she had said "Yes." The course of true love had run very smoothly with the lovers, but, as the wedding day approached, a very serious (or so it seemed to proud little Minna) impediment stood in the way. She had no possible means of buying a wedding gown. And she could not, *would* not, let Claus buy it for her; no, not if she never got married.

Jacob put his spectacles on, took them off, put them on again with great deliberation and then said:

"So, Katrina van Tassel said that, did she?"

"Yes, and she said you ought to be made to give me a silk dress!"

"Katrina van Tassel is, is — a female peacock. No, Minna, you have had a comfortable home, my care and protection and your food and lodging since you came to me a child, and you are welcome to the same as long as you live under my roof. But as for giving you money for a silk dress — that I shall certainly not do. Women are vain and frivolous enough without such follies. As for Claus Hosenklaver, if he wants a silk-gown bride, let him seek a wife who is able to make a fool of herself without aid, or get the gown himself."

"Claus would get me everything if I would let him, but can't



you see what shame I should feel? *Lend* me the money, Uncle Jacob, and I'll earn it afterwards and pay it back. Sometime in your life you must have wanted to marry some one, — you can't refuse to *lend* me the money!"

"Lend you the money, indeed! The minute you were married your debts would become your husband's and where would I be?" I'll trust no Claus Hosenklaver for a penny! As for marrying, I never would have been able to save a cent if I had a woman after me for bonnets and dresses and ribbons and feathers and what not. No, Minna, marriage is an expensive luxury I could not afford. If you and Claus choose to imagine that you can afford it, — you are twenty-one; — I've nothing to say except that I won't give you a red copper. Remember this, however: 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'"

Minna folded up her stocking and walked to the door.

"I won't ask you any more, Uncle Jacob, but some day you'll be sorry for this."

"Maybe," replied Uncle Jacob, with one of his metallic laughs. "Tell your friend, Katrina van Tassel, that I am a law-abiding citizen, and when the law compels me, I'll give a silly young woman a silk wedding dress. Until such a law is made, I'll do what I please about spending my money."

. . . . .

Miss Katrina van Tassel stood in the Lykens public library, with her hand on a musty volume and a happy smile on her red lips. She took out a card from her case and pencilled a number and a title on it and then replaced it carefully, snapping the clasp of her alligator combination purse together with an energy that bespoke secret triumph. She then entered her carriage and ordered the coachman to drive to an office in the business part of the town. There was a merry light in the young lady's eyes as she entered her brother's office.

"I've a case for you, Fred!" Then she stopped and blushed as Charlie Shackford rose up and offered her his hand.

"May I be assistant adviser?" he said, smiling down upon her.

"Yes," she replied gaily. "But neither of you can guess what it is; I have the most delicious scheme you ever heard of. Oh, Fred, is 1904 divisible by four?"



“What on earth are you driving at?” said the young lawyer in a bewildered voice. “Aren’t you feeling well this morning?”

“I haven’t felt so well for a year. Wait a minute, have you got this book over there?” And she handed her brother the card she had pencilled in the library and passed to the bookcase.

Shackford glanced at it over her shoulder and then taking the volume from the shelf, looked at her in a perplexed way.

“Read that,” she said.

“Gad!” said her brother; “that’s queer.”

“It’s odd I never noticed that before,” said Shackford. Then both men laughed.

“Sit down, and I’ll explain,” said the young lady. “Turn to the page I numbered.” Then she bent forward, and in a low, rapid tone, outlined her plan. When she finished, two long low whistles followed by long and uncontrollable fits of laughter that seemed to threaten the two dignified young counselors-at-law with a combination of apoplexy and dementia.

“It’s the bulliest scheme ever unraveled by a woman,” gasped Fred, when he could command his organs of speech.

“It’s a flash of genius, Miss van Tassel, you may count on my co-operation.”

“But how are we going to get the girls to do their part?” asked Fred, who was eminently practical.

“If you two will do the legal part of it, I’ll guarantee the rest,” was the confident reply. And then, after a prolonged consultation, Miss van Tassel drove home to luncheon.

The next day Minna Stofer was sent for to come to the van Tassel mansion to take an order for some crewel-work, in which she excelled, and which enabled her to provide herself with a few little articles dear to girlish hearts.

“Now you’ve given your word,” said Miss van Tassel, as her little friend said good-by. “Remember you have nothing to do with it.”

“Oh, Katrina, I wish I hadn’t told you he called you a peacock,” wailed Minna.

“Never mind,” said the descendant of a patroon, “I’ll have something to be as proud of as a peacock before long.”

. . . . .

Miss van Tassel, to the surprise of her intimates, joined several



church guilds that year and became the most popular girl in Lykens with the very girls who had, before this period of religious, philanthropic fervor, been wont to call her "a society girl" and "a woman of the world, she doesn't care for women." Her mother grew quite anxious at this sudden change of heart fostered by a change of life. Mr. van Tassel pulled his whiskers and smiled. "She has a scheme to put through," he said to himself, while Fred let fall various hints to the purport that "Katie was a corker"; and young Shackford made sundry and various pretexts to call and "talk over little plans" which was disquieting to the prudent *pater familias*.

"Well," said Mrs. van Tassel one morning, at breakfast, "little Minna's wedding comes off next week. I think you might give her some of those Paris dresses you've outgrown, Katrina; it would be a great help to the child, and that mean old uncle is too stingy to provide her with anything."

"Oh, he'll come around," said Katrina carelessly, and the subject drifted into other channels.

Minna's marriage was to be solemnized at the chapel of the Church of the Holy Trinity on Wednesday morning. On the preceding Friday Mr. Jacob Elich had been taking his forty winks in a little back parlor, when he was summoned to the door by a sharp ring. He was rubbing his eyes and yawning as he opened the door and was greatly surprised to see Lizzie Brulaker, the daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood, standing on the threshold.

"Good afternoon," said Jacob crossly, "Minna's not home," and was about to retire, but Miss Brulaker slipped in uninvited.

"Well, no matter," she said, in rather a flustered voice: "I, — I came — I came to see you, Mr. Elich."

"Me! What do you want with me?"

Miss Brulaker eyed him for a moment and then said, hurriedly, "I thought as Minna's going to leave, you might be lonesome and need some one to keep the house and do your baking, and — and it's leap year, you know, — so I came over to ask you to marry me, sir."

Jacob Elich's jaws opened, his eyes bulged, his whole being shook with amazement and anger.



"To do what?" he stammered.

"Marry me!" said Lizzie with a sudden boldness.

"I won't," half shrieked Jacob. You're out of your head. Go home to your mother, you bold girl. I won't!"

"You refuse?" said Lizzie stolidly.

"I am a respectable man," said Jacob wrathfully "and I certainly refuse!"

"That's all right, good afternoon," and Miss Brulaker descended the steps and walked down the street, leaving Jacob staring after her. Was she crying? Her whole frame shook convulsively as she moved.

"She is a disgrace to her family," said Jacob, as he closed the door. "Thank God I have no daughters!" Then he went in and sat down, put on his spectacles and took them off again a great many times in an aimless fashion. "What is this generation of women coming to? What, indeed!"

The fire had died down, but Jacob had not noticed it. He was sitting gazing at the dying embers, when Minna came in.

"Why, uncle, your fire is nearly out; what ails you?"

"Nothing ails *me*, Minna," said Jacob. "I am as usual, only I was in a brown study. I had forgotten the fire. '*Als had komt, zo is hobben te laat*,' — 'When had comes, have to is too late' was truly spoken, Minna. Do you know farmer Brulaker's daughter, Lizzie?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What manner of girl is she?"

"She is so clever that some people call her brilliant."

"That may be, but she is no fit companion for a modest maid, Minna. 'A brilliant daughter makes a brittle wife' is a wise saying."

Hardly had the grouty Jacob finished his words when there was a loud peal at the bell.

"Go see who it is," he said, shortly.

"It's Mrs. Bagley; she wishes to see you, uncle."

Pulling himself together, but with reluctance in every line of his gaunt figure, Jacob rose up to greet the young widow of his lately deceased friend, Caleb Bagley, the miller.

"Is it about the lease of the mill, that you have come, Mrs. Bagley?" said Jacob politely.



The widow sighed and shook her head. "No, Mr. Elich, it isn't the mill exactly, and yet I can't say but it indirectly concerns the mill. The fact is, I know that I am a good hand to keep things trim and cozy, for Mr. Bagley always said as much to every one, and I know that you are a good hand to manage and put by; so I thought as how it might be a good thing to unite our forces — make a combination arrangement, you know — and, as it is the woman's privilege this year, I have concluded to make a little matrimonial proposition to you. Of course you can refuse to —"

"Mrs. Bagley, I *do* refuse, I most certainly decline to become a party to your combination. I can't afford to marry, Mrs. Bagley — I must say no to your very — very — er —"

"So you won't accept me? Very well, Mr. Elich, you will remember this before long," and before he could say a word more the front door banged and the rejected widow had gone. He looked around in a frightened way, but Minna was gone — she had evidently heard nothing, for she was singing in the kitchen.

"This is very strange," said Jacob — "very strange, indeed. To think one small town could contain two such fools at once. If I were going to marry I would not 'hang my sickle on another man's corn.'"

That night Jacob slept poorly and dreamed of being convicted of bigamy.

The next day Minna went to visit a school friend, from whose house she was to be married, as her uncle said he could not be at the expense of a wedding breakfast. Jacob was therefore alone.

"I hope you won't be lonesome," Minna had said as she left. "Perhaps some of the neighbors will drop in to keep you company." And her uncle had replied "God forbid." But evidently the overruling Providence was not on his side, for on that day and the next, seven unmarried women came on the same errand that had occasioned Lizzie Brulaker's and the widow's visits. Each one gave a different reason for her action; — two urged his loneliness; one suggested that in his old age he would need a young head to look after his business affairs. One recommended herself as a good cook, one commended her piety, and the last — a saucy girl — had hinted that he needed a wife to teach him to be happy!"



To each one of the six, he had politely but firmly declined; but the saucy girl had shocked him to such an extent that he felt compelled to threaten to tell her parents and the pastor of her behavior.

“Do,” said the girl. “It will be the funniest thing that ever happened to hear you. It will be better than the theatre. Do, Mr. Elich!”

On Sunday Jacob stayed indoors and early Monday morning he closed every blind in the house and forebore to build the fire, thinking to give the impression that he was not at home. But the postman stopped at every round he made and slipped letters under the door. They were all offers to share his fame, fortune, and name. They all referred to it being “leap year” and they all wound up with such phrases as: “If I do not hear definitely from you by Tuesday night, I shall take it for granted that my proposition is favorably considered” — or, “If I do not hear from you at once, I shall conclude that you accept the unsolicited love of a modest heart made bold by a desire to confer a benefit,” et cetera.

To each of which Jacob penned, in small crabbed chirography, this brief but unequivocal reply: “I cannot marry you. Jacob Elich.”

On Tuesday afternoon Minna returned home and was much surprised to find no sign of life about the house. She managed to open one of the cellar windows and made a burglarious entrance into the house. As she approached her uncle’s bedroom, she heard him wail out: “Don’t come in. I won’t marry you. I won’t marry any woman. Go away!”

“Uncle Jacob,” she called out cheerily, “It’s I, Minna — let me in. What’s the matter?”

In response to a relieved “Come in” Minna entered. Lying in bed, with wet towels about his head, lay Jacob Elich in a collapsed condition

“Minna, send for the doctor,” he said brokenly; “but don’t come too near me, don’t! don’t! don’t!” as she approached.

“But, uncle, why not. What is the trouble?”

“I am crazy,” moaned Jacob piteously. “I have had terrible hallucinations — I may become violent — I am a madman!”

“Why, Uncle Jacob, how you talk.”



“That’s just it, you won’t believe me when I tell you I’ve had horrid dreams. Twelve women have asked me to marry them, but I said ‘no’ to each of them. Yes, Minna, I said ‘no’ to every damned — excuse me, but I am not responsible, I am a madman. I tell you it is the only solution.”

At this moment there was a ring at the front door-bell.

“There, there’s another one wants me to marry her. Tell her no — no — no!” And Jacob, with his hands clasped about his head, fell back upon the pillows.

“This isn’t a suitor, uncle,” said Minna; “it is a lawyer’s letter to you.”

“Read it!” said Jacob weakly.

Minna broke the seal and opening the document, read:—

MR. JACOB ELICH:

*Sir:—*

I wish to inform you that twelve ladies of the town of Lykens, Pennsylvania, have placed in my hands suits against you for the payment, either in money or merchandise, of twelve silk gowns, or their equivalent in gold, specie, or bank notes, to be paid in twelve equal parts to the said twelve ladies, whose proposals of marriage you have declined. These claims are based upon a statute of Pennsylvania enacted in 1723. You will find it upon page 432 of Colonial Laws in Pennsylvania.\* The statute referred to, reads:— ‘If a woman, during what is called *Leap Year*, taketh advantage of her privilege to ask a man to marry her and he refuseth, then shall he be liable to the law, if so be that the woman require, to give her one silk gown or the purchase money wherewith to buy such a gown. And if he refuse to pay it, he is liable to a penalty of One Hundred pounds or to twelve months’ imprisonment.’ As this singular law has not been repealed it may still be enforced. We are therefore commissioned to advise you that the twelve ladies whom you have refused to marry within the past week have put their claims into our hands for collection. Hoping that you will settle the same claims at once and avoid the very disagreeable publicity a refusal would entail, we are,

Respectfully yours,

L. VAN TASSEL,  
C. SHACKFORD,  
*Counselors at Law.*

\* This law was never repealed — AUTHOR.

“Damnation,” roared Jacob, who was ordinarily a man of sober words. “I have been duped by a pack of brainless women! Give me the letter!” Minna handed it to him.

“I knew it,” he said, pointing a gaunt finger at the signatures. “That minx, Katrina van Tassel, is at the bottom of this trick.”

“Hark, uncle,” she said, “here she is.”



“Bring her here,” he commanded, “but first bring me my dressing-gown.”

Sitting in bed, enveloped in a red dressing-gown and looking like a distracted flamingo, Jacob Elich awaited the advent of Miss van Tassel, who entered, wreathed in smiles.

“Oh, Mr. Elich, are you sick? I am so sorry. I came to bring you a message from my brother.”

“I am not well,” replied Jacob. “Sit down; what did your brother say?”

“Why, he said that he had spoken to each of your admiring friends” — replied Katrina, “and they have all agreed that they would renounce their claims —”

“God be thanked!” cried Jacob, closing his eyes.

“Wait” said Katrina, “on condition that you would make over to Minna a sum large enough to cover the expense of the twelve silk gowns, as a sort of nest-egg for housekeeping, you know,” and Katrina smiled seductively.

Jacob groaned. There was no help.

“‘He that hath a head of butter must not come near the oven,’” quoth the sufferer. “Get me my check-book, Minna. Here is the key to the lock cupboard.”

“Now, that’s a great deal the best way out of a bad bargain” said Katrina. “I am sure Minna will be grateful.”

“How much does a silk gown cost?” asked Jacob miserably.

“Why, ten yards at one dollar and a quarter — you can’t get good silk any cheaper — will be, twelve dollars and a half — and twelve times twelve dollars and a half is, let’s see — one hundred and fifty dollars.”

“‘When the wolf grows old, the crows ride him,’” said Jacob, bitterly. And with trembling fingers and glassy eyes he wrote out and signed the check.

“Here,” he said, “give that to your brother. And, — you are a woman, but you have a clever brain, notwithstanding; if you will keep the other women quiet, I’ll put in an extra hundred for Minna.”

“Why, certainly, Mr. Elich, I think I can manage that.”

Jacob took out from between the two feather beds a pouch, from which he counted out twenty five-dollar gold pieces into his amazed little Minna’s hands.

“Say nothing to Claus,” he said in a tone of entreaty. “‘It’s bad marketing with empty pockets,’ I wish you good luck. Now leave me. I would be alone.”

The girls stepped out together, leaving the miserable Jacob alone with his thoughts. At the door stood Charlie Shackford and Claus Hosenklaver.

“How did it work?” the counselor asked breathlessly.

“Like a charm,” said Miss van Tassel.

“Come,” said Claus to Minna, “the minister must be waiting for us.”

“Look, what he gave me,” whispered Minna. “And here is the check for one hundred and fifty dollars,” cried Katrina, handing it over to the young lawyer. “Just think what a lucky thing that I found that unrepealed law!”

“Very lucky,” murmured Charlie, as he took both the check and the hand that held it in his own.

“I suppose you think you deserve some of the credit?” said Katrina. “I shall have to save up for a month to settle your bill, I dare say.”

“What is won by law may be kept by love.”

Katrina’s blue eyes were lifted to the young lawyer’s for a moment as she said, shyly:

“Is that another unrepealed law?”

There wasn’t anybody in sight except a baby in a go-cart, and Charles’s answer was a kiss.





## The Dead Line.\*

BY WARD WILSON.



NO one at Water Tank understood the strange chumship of the Sinner and Bill Tench. Not that the subject was ever much discussed, for no place was less inquisitive than Water Tank. It realized very satisfactorily the much maligned sentence, all men are created free and equal. They were at Water Tank. Every man was what he said he was. If he kept up to the current standard of conduct, or, as they called it at Water Tank, "kept within the dead line," he could stay.

Bill Tench had somehow been able to keep inside the line for nearly two years. He was drunk a good share of the time and surly all the time, but neither of these things was, in Water Tank's estimation, cause enough to ask him to move on. So he stayed, working little, drinking much.

Four times in the months Tench had been there, there had come to him a letter with a Mexican stamp. Always after this event Tench was his worst. As credit was limited, Water Tank concluded that the letters explained how Tench got a maximum of drink for a minimum of work.

Yet, though he had kept inside the "dead line," not one of those who had stepped over it had been so much disliked. It was instinctive, this distrust. Each man felt it and felt, too, that he was not alone. There was something about the fellow, hidden part of the time, but at others standing out shamelessly, a brutishness, a capacity for evil.

These thoughts, and all others, for that matter, were swept away by a fresh interest when the Sinner came.

Water Tank was worn out. Everyone was a little too much

\* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

like everyone else, which made the Sinner when he came as welcome as a water hole on the desert to the tired and parched cattlemen. The Sinner's ingenuousness, his enthusiasm, his youth, all were wonderful to them, and they were frank in their admiration. Out of their affection they dubbed him "the Sinner," because, as they explained, he so transparently wasn't.

Quickly on top of the admiration came a new amazement. The Sinner had picked out Bill Tench as his chum!

Water Tank looked incredulous.

Dick Sands, the discoverer, swore it was so, swore with an insistence and fervor that convinced the most skeptical.

"I dunno but p'raps we didn't name the boy so far wrong after all," said "Doc" Boulder meditatively, after a pause.

But they had named him wrong, for, though the chumship indubitably existed, the Sinner remained, after six months of it, quite the same as when he first rode into camp. He seemed as immune to Tench's grossness as, in another way, he was to the sun which dried the spirit and hope of the other men.

How it was the Sinner had ever come to choose Tench for a friend was a riddle much puzzled over but never solved. Water Tank ethics were simple. A man lived his life as he saw fit—always, of course, provided he kept within the "dead line." The Sinner and Tench were left alone, while Water Tank looked on and wondered how it would all turn out.

Six months added to themselves six more. Nothing happened except that the general luck grew, if anything, a little worse. Nobody but the Sinner minded much, for prosperity and Water Tank never had had more than a nodding acquaintanceship.

But the Sinner fretted. To work twelve months and find at the end of them he was \$50 poorer than when he began hadn't been at all as he'd planned it. So no one was surprised when he said he was going to pull up his stakes and cross the line into Mexico, whence came alluring stories of strikes in the Silverica mines.

Before he left, the Sinner gave Water Tank another sensation. He made a will. Not that he had anything, the Sinner was careful to explain, but his few little odds and ends he'd like to go as he wanted and if it were done on paper it might help some.



All he had or might have the Sinner left to Tench, to whose keeping the will itself was intrusted.

A day or so later the Sinner rode over the border. He was good-naturedly laughed about for a while, he and his will, and Dick Sands went so far as to predict that when the Sinner came back he'd probably introduce finger bowls.

If the will at its making had been regarded as wholly the product of eccentricity, it was to gain seriousness of attention soon enough. What brought it about were the reports, vague at first, but increasing in definiteness, that the Silverica mines had proved for the Sinner to be the big thing. He had made a wonderful go of it and was pressing his luck for all it would bear.

The reports were true. The Sinner was pressing his luck, pressing it with a nervousness and an energy far in excess of what even his young strength could stand.

The motive of it, though, was not to make the Silverica mine yield up to him its last ounce of treasure. The thing he strove for was to forget the hopelessness of his fortunes in a quite different direction. That he did not forget and could not he came at last to see. The other one had seen it from the first, and had stood by, torn with impotent sympathy.

These two knew; these two alone. For all the rest the Sinner's shield had only its bright side.

Finally, wearied with his futile struggle, the Sinner turned back toward Water Tank as to a possible haven.

Water Tank welcomed him as a "favorite son" who had prospered. He was rich? He supposed so. As rich as they had said? Richer. Then why, asked Water Tank, which held no illusions regarding itself, had he come back? To which the Sinner returned nothing coherent.

He was changed. They all saw that. The mines or something else had done what the desert sun had failed to do. The old fire was gone, the old spirit broken. In its place there was the sense of a new strength, the sort that fights temptation. This, despite all, had not given way, and it gave to him a fineness that his careless days had but suggested.

The weeks went by and from exclaiming over the Sinner's wealth Water Tank turned to anxiety about the Sinner himself.

He grew more listless. Attempts to goad him into his old time lightness fell flat. Life had lost its tang and the Sinner cared so little he did not even try to get the taste back.

"If that's the price of Mexican luck, I reckon Water Tank will about do for me," commented Dick Sands.

The day came when the Sinner did not leave his bunk. "Doc" Boulder shook his head. "The boy is almighty sick, sure enough," he said. "But that ain't the worst, he don't seem to care, and *that's* damn bad."

Sickness increased the strength of its hold upon the Sinner. When the symptoms showed unmistakably worse he asked to see Bill Tench alone.

The doctor demurred, argued a little, gave way.

Tench entered and closed the cabin door behind him. He was pale and obviously ill at ease. He began to mumble his sympathy.

The Sinner cut him short impatiently. "I'm obliged, but that ain't what I got you here for. I've got something to say."

Tench nodded.

"I'm not exactly fond of talking about myself," the Sinner went on deprecatingly, "but I've got to, for there's things to be done by somebody and it don't just look as though that somebody would be me. That means it's you."

The other man was silent.

The Sinner continued slowly and a little awkwardly, "It's special hard to talk about, because, you see, it concerns—a woman." A softness and reverence came into the Sinner's voice. "A woman," he repeated, "*the* woman—Mary Harbin."

A quick pallor spread over Tench's face. His eyes pierced the Sinner.

The man on the bunk saw the change and interpreted it after his own fashion. "Oh, don't worry," he hurried on, "I shan't be too bad!"

Then, confident he had reassured his friend, he proceeded to his story:

"After all, it's soon told. I met her there at the Silverica mines, doing the only thing a decent woman can do at the mines, running a boarding house. It was hard, smashing work and she wasn't the build for it, though if your eyes didn't tell you you'd never



have known. Not a whimper, no matter how bad the things ran against her. Pluck,—she was made of it. She was young, too, pitiful young, and she'd have been more than usual good to look at, if she'd had a chance.

“I dunno as I'd pick out a boarding house as a training school for courage, but I reckon that little woman could teach most any-one considerable more about it than he'd find it comfortable to practice.

“What came of it couldn't help coming. I loved her, as a man ought to, with head as well as heart, the kind of love that lasts to the end, the kind that's worthy of her.”

The Sinner lay back for a moment. Some of the old fire had come to his eyes again, but it was gone now. His voice became hushed as when one speaks of the dead. “She saw what was coming and tried to stop me. Looking back I can see how in a dozen ways she struggled to keep me from saying the word. But I didn't see then and it wouldn't have made much difference if I had, most likely.

“So I spoke—and I learned. She was married already.”

Tench was white, silent, immovable, except for the fingers of his right hand, which twitched nervously at his belt.

The Sinner took up his story. “What he had made life for her I came pretty nêar guessing, not from what she said so much as from what she didn't.

“This thing she called a husband left her in the lurch three years ago without two bits to call her own. Then, when she got a little on her feet again he found it out and wrote her for money.” The Sinner's voice was tense. “That stopped a year ago, and where he is, or whether he's living or dead, she don't know. Neither do I, worse luck.”

The sick man sank back exhausted. Tench breathed deep and seemed suddenly to gain control of his twitching fingers.

With an effort the Sinner raised himself. “Bad as the cur had treated her, knowing there wasn't any hope ahead, she wouldn't divorce him. Not that she cared for him; he'd knocked that out of her. But the way she'd mapped seemed the only right way to her; her church said so, too, and she'd have had to throw that over to marry me and I was a good ways from feeling I was

enough to take its place. That's why I didn't urge her any more.

"I fought night and day to forget the pain of it. At last, worn out, hopeless, I gave it up. The night before I came away I wandered out to a little half-sheltered place near the mine. I wanted to be alone, that last time. And then she came to me.

"The odd thing was it didn't seem strange, but just what was bound to be. Her face was pale, but it was her eyes held me. They were full of sadness, but of something else, too, something sweet and lovely that I'd only got a glimpse of times past. It struck me as if she was going to let all there was, that she'd never said, speak just once, through her eyes.

"She came up to me as I stood there in the moonlight and laid her hands soft like on my shoulders. 'You are going away never to come back,' she said. 'I know, and I know why. You have been brave and kind and good. I can't make it up to you, but perhaps it will help you some to know' — her voice dropped very low — 'how much I love you.' With that she was gone — and I never saw her again."

The sick man had forgotten Tench, the crude cabin, all about him. When the vividness of what he saw faded somewhat he smiled wanly. "So much for stories. Now to business. I know my shape; sometimes doctors say most when they don't say anything. It's because I know it I asked for you. It's about that will I gave you. I want you to tear it up."

Tench started. "Tear it up?"

"Yes, for I've made another. I haven't forgotten you, of course, but the most I've left to her. It will make life easier for her, thank God."

The Sinner rose upright and pointed his finger at a tall chest in the corner. "You see those drawers. The new will is in the top one where I can keep my eye on it always. I feel safer, some way. When the time comes, you'll look after it, won't you?"

"I'll look after it," Tench assured. He went over to the chest and pulled tentatively at the top drawer. It slid open easily. He closed it. "In this one, you say? You don't lock it!" he added apprehensively.

"My eyes are the best guard," answered the Sinner. "And then you are the only one besides myself who knows about it."



"Just as well," said Tench. He mumbled a second caution, shook the sick man's hand, and left the cabin.

After that day Tench was a changed man. The solicitude he showed for the Sinner was extraordinary compared with his former acquiescence with the conditions. The doctor had insisted that always there should be two men with the Sinner. Tench in his new zeal was sure he could do everything alone. He won several to his side, but "Doc" Boulder was firm; two must watch.

The morning after his talk with Tench the Sinner was noticeably weaker. He called in Tench, Dick Sands and the doctor, to whom he made the request that when the end came he should lie with his face toward the old chest in the corner.

In the afternoon the Sinner relapsed into a stupor from which the doctor failed to rouse him. For nine days this lasted. In the weakened frame life grew less and less perceptible until, on the tenth day, as the doctor came slowly from the cabin, his silent nod told those waiting it was over.

Tench and the parson arranged for the funeral. The parson had read people as well as books, which perhaps accounted for the regard Water Tank had for him. No one certainly could have been considered a fitter man to speak at the Sinner's funeral.

The small cabin was crowded. Tench, his face haggard, sat on a stool well to the front. The coffin lay as the Sinner had asked, the face of the dead man turned toward the chest of drawers.

It was the simplest service. The parson prayed a little. Those who could, sang. If the words were not distinguishable the feeling was there, and nobody minded the rest. Then the minister began to talk of the Sinner, using plain, homely words to tell of the sweetness and strength and goodness of the man just dead.

Tench listened for a while, then, with a gulp, rose from his stool and pushed his way to a less conspicuous place over in the corner. No one heeded him.

The minister went on. Tench edged close to the chest. Stealthily he drew a long envelope from his pocket. He tried the top drawer; it slid open noiselessly. Tench dropped the envelope inside and drew forth another, similar to the first, but fresher. This he thrust deep within his coat and slid the drawer into place again.

He shot a quick, anxious look about. Water Tank was intent upon the minister's words. The parson, absorbed, had no thought for the huddled figure in the corner. No one had seen him. He was safe. Tench breathed full. Anxiety faded from his face, and over it crept an ugly triumph. He turned upon the still figure in the coffin. "The little fool," he muttered.

But he got no further and his face of a sudden became ghastlier than that at which he looked. With a low cry he staggered through the door and fell fainting on the other side.

*The Sinner had opened his eyes and given him back look for look!*

The animal in Water Tank was always dangerously near the surface, so that what happened in the next two hours was, considering the place and the conditions, practically inevitable.

When, in due time, they cut Tench's body down they found the new will and two much worn, Mexican-stamped, letters.

The Sinner knew nothing of these things for many weeks. It was a fortnight before he was allowed to talk of his experience. The specialist who came out to investigate the case said it was the most remarkable example of a deep cataleptic trance he had ever personally encountered. It was not strange the man had been pronounced dead, since the two conditions so closely resemble each other that the ordinary tests of death may be applied to a cataleptic victim with the result, often, that life will be found apparently extinct.

The Sinner, telling about it, said there had not been a moment through the whole ordeal when he had not been fully conscious of what was going on around him. He heard himself pronounced dead, understood the arrangements being made for his funeral, and yet was incapable of moving a muscle or indicating in any way whatever that life was yet in him.

"The part of it I can't for the life of me understand," he said in a perplexed way, "is that 'though I knew everything you folks were doing I didn't care a bit. Now, I can't even think of it without feeling queer, but then it seemed the unimportantest thing in the world. But when it came to me that the only thing I cared for was going to smash through the meanness of the man I'd trusted most, something seemed let loose inside me. For a



second it was hell — then my eyes opened.” The sweat stood out on the Sinner’s brow.

“It appears to me,” broke in Dick Sands, “that a few minutes’ table stakes would make the air of this cabin some breathier.” And it did.

When they told him of Tench’s fate the Sinner took the news gravely, but made no comment. They showed him the recovered will and the worn letters.

“Seems he had no more right to the name of Tench than you have,” said “Doc” Boulder.

The Sinner opened the envelope uncuriously. After all, what mattered the rest about this man. He knew far too much already.

The next instant the Sinner grasped excitedly for the second letter. “My God, it can’t be, it can’t be,” he said over and over again to himself.

The letters contained merely the statement that money was enclosed. They were both signed, “Your wife, Mary Harbin.”

Two days later, accompanied by “Doc” Boulder and Dick Sands to see that he made the journey safely, the Sinner started a second time for the Silverica mines.



## Easy Money.\*

BY BORDEN H. MILLS.



“It isn’t really a trick at all,” said the dentist to his patient, the drummer, “though I don’t understand it myself, to tell the truth. It’s a marvellous faculty possessed by a friend of mine for knowing what’s going on in a place, though he may not be personally present, or have any means of communication. You can lay out here on the table an entire pack of cards, face up, and touch any one of the fifty-two. Then step to the telephone and call up my friend, and he’ll tell you what card you have touched.”

“Impossible,” said the patient. “I’d bet almost anything that it can’t be done. It might be worked if you did the telephoning, and had some combination of words, or code of signals to use in talking to your friend, from which he could tell what card had been picked out. But if I do the telephoning, — why, I’d wager a ten-spot he couldn’t tell the card.”

“Done,” said the dentist.

He produced a pack of cards and handed them to the drummer, who shuffled them thoroughly, and laid them out, face up, in four rows of thirteen cards each. At the dentist’s request the drummer touched one, that chanced to be the ten-spot of diamonds.

“Now,” said the dentist, “step to the ’phone, call 309 Cortlandt, ask for my friend, tell him that you’re at my office and have touched a card, and ask him what card you touched.”

The drummer did as directed, and after a moment’s pause, the words came over the wire, — “That was the ten of diamonds you picked out.”

The money was the dentist’s.

The loser pressed him for an explanation of the trick, for trick

\* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.



he believed it to be, but the dentist insisted that he was as much in the dark as the drummer, who thereupon left the office.

“There’s a catch somewhere,” said he to his friend, the credit man, to whom he related his experience, “and I’d give another ten dollar bill to know just where.”

“Well,” said the credit man, “I’m not averse to making a tenner or two myself, and being forewarned, I think I can detect his little game, — for it must be a game, as you say. Suppose I drop around to see your dentist friend this afternoon? I have a little filling that might just as well be done now as any other time. He’ll likely get talking cards with me, — I’ll steer him on to it if he doesn’t. I’ll make a little wager with him myself, and watch him closely, and perhaps I’ll see the game before it is really worked, and be able to catch him in the act. You said it was worth ten to you to know how it was done. If I meet you here at six and tell you how, is that tenner mine?”

“It is,” exclaimed the drummer, “provided, of course, you do not get the secret by persuading the doctor to tell you, — and as for that, I’ll trust to your honor.”

“Done,” was the reply, and they went their several ways.

Six o’clock came, and they met in the dining-room.

“Well,” began the credit man, “you’re stung, — and so am I. I went through practically the same experience that you did, — picked out the ace of spades, and the dentist’s friend promptly told me what card I had touched. I watched the man carefully during the whole proceedings. While I was getting 309 Cortlandt he paid no attention to me at all, but continued to read in a book he had picked up but a moment before I selected the card.”

“It’s certainly a most mysterious affair all the way through,” was the drummer’s reply, “and I’d give anything to know just how it was worked.”

The two did not meet again for nearly a year, when they ran across one another on lower Fifth Avenue one day, and stopped to chat, and the credit man remarked:

“By the way, do you remember how we two got fooled on that card game of your dentist’s last year? That Ransome, who worked with him, must be a pretty slick one. I’d like to look the doctor up and ask him to introduce me to the fellow.”

“Ransome?” exclaimed the other, “I don’t remember that the name was Ransome. My memory isn’t very good as to that part of the occurrence, but it strikes me it was more like Ramsay.”

“No, I’m pretty sure it was Ransome,” was the reply, “but of course I may be mistaken. Ramsay or Ransome, however, he was a pretty clever fellow, and we were neatly done, both of us. Lunch with me on the strength of it.”

Accordingly they adjourned to a near-by café, and were selecting from the dinner card when the telephone bell on the bar behind them rang. “Yes. This is 309 Cortlandt,” they heard the bartender say.

They pricked up their ears on the instant. That was the very number the dentist had used in his card game.

The bartender waited a minute. “Yes, this is Mr. Roberts talking to you now,” he said.

Then came another pause, and then, “That card you touched was the king of clubs. Yes, the king. Good-bye,” and he hung up the receiver.

“Excuse me,” said the drummer, as the man turned from the ’phone, “But that’s a queer conversation to have over a telephone. Here’s the price of a good dinner for you, if you will tell us the game.”

The bartender hesitated a moment, and then, accepting the proffered bill, replied:

“It’s the greatest ever. I’ve a friend round in Twenty-third Street who’s a dentist. He gets a customer talking about tricks with cards, and tells him he has a friend who can tell what card is touched in a pack laid out face up, without being present at all, just by being called up on the ’phone and told that a card has been picked out. The customer gets excited about it, and nine times out of ten offers to bet it can’t be done. If he doesn’t make the offer himself, my friend does, and it’s mighty seldom that he isn’t taken up. The guy lays out the paste-boards, touches one, and then calls me up, and I tell him what card’s been touched, — every time. We knock out a hundred or more some weeks, for the doc has a big practice, — mostly among sporting men and other gents that think they know a good thing when they see it. I tell you, it’s the greatest thing ever. ‘Easy money’ is no name for it.”



“But,” said the credit man, “I don’t see it yet. How can you tell from here what card’s been touched?”

“Easy,” was the reply, “I have a little book here, — you can see it hanging by the ’phone, and if you’d been watching me, you would have noticed that I looked in it before telling him what the card was. The doctor has the same thing pasted in the middle of his engagement book. It’s a list of the fifty-two cards in the pack, and opposite the name of each card is the name of some person, — the same names in his list as in mine, in the same order.

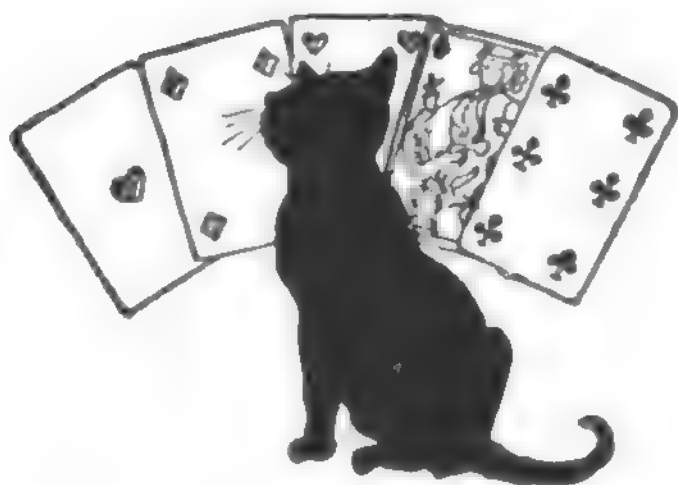
“Suppose the guy touches the Queen of Hearts. Doc looks in the book, — that’s easy, because he has opened it a moment before, — maybe to put down another engagement for the patient, for all he knows. Opposite the words ‘Queen of Hearts’ is written the name ‘Jackson.’ Doc says, “Call up 309 Cortlandt, and ask for Mr. Jackson.” The fellow does so. I answer the ’phone, look for Jackson in my list, — there’s the Queen of Hearts opposite. “You touched the Queen of Hearts,” says I, — and the money’s ours.

“Cinch? Well, I should rather say. It’s almost a shame to take the money.”

“It is, indeed,” said credit, looking sadly at drummer.

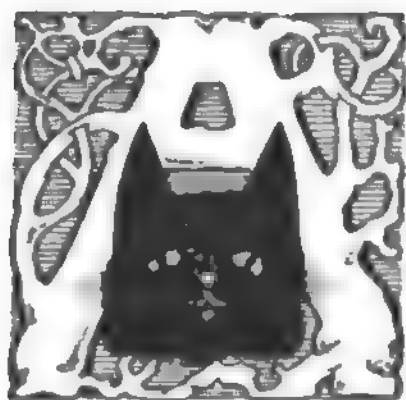
“Shame isn’t the word,” said drummer to credit.

“Have one on the House, gents?” said the bartender.



## The Truthful Hobo at White Ridge.\*

BY JOEL SMITH.



HEAVY, dark night, gathering darker with every downpour of rain, hung over White Ridge. Harvesting around the little country village had been belated by bad weather, and hands were scarce; so there were two good reasons why Job Thorne did not turn the lusty-looking but thoroughly drenched stranger from his door.

“Come in, come in; never mind, the wet won’t hurt the floor. Shake your hat and your coat and hang them up on those hooks by the stove. Had any supper?”

The stranger owned frankly that he had not had supper, and was very hungry, whereupon good Mrs. Thorne bustled about, and soon had a tempting meal set before him. He sat up without the formality of an offered blessing, as no inhabitant of that burg would fail to note, and began in a striking manner to prove the truth of his statement.

This aged couple, like all the people of White Ridge, were religious. They lived alone, having lost their only child many years before in a sad accident—the burning of the school building where they lived at Forney. It was soon after that occurrence that they moved to the present location, but Thorne had often confessed to disappointment with the quiet Eden here sought in which to live out his remaining days. This good man seldom openly judged his kind, but he felt that his neighborhood was growing year by year more disagreeably religious, and in his heart he realized that it was already far gone.

“Any chance to get a job around here?” asked the stranger, pushing his chair back from the table with a very satisfied air for a man wet to the skin.

\* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.



"Yes," answered Thorne, "you can get all the jobs here you want. But before we talk that over, I'll get you some dry clothes."

"Oh, never trouble yourself," said the man, "I'll soon get dry here by the stove. I don't mind the wet a bit, and when I say anything I mean it. Maybe you never heard about me—I'm the fellow they call Truthful Henry."

Thorne gazed in wonder at his guest. From the first the fellow had seemed to have an odd, straightout way, and now the assertion regarding his moral quality changed the common tramp at once into a man worth watching. Was he a thief or a robber, seeking to work on the well-known good instincts of the White Ridge people? Or was he simply a harmless hypocrite, seeking congenial company?"

"May I ask what's your full name, friend?" said Thorne.

"Truthful Henry is the name I go by. It generally distinguishes me from any other Henry that's around, and that's enough. Names, you know, are just to mark one person from another. If there were only one man, he wouldn't need any name at all but just, man."

"Correct enough," admitted Thorne, getting puzzled more and more in the kind of man he had to deal with.

"Is there any church here?" asked the stranger. "I always like to go to church."

"Yes; we just got home from church before the storm set in. Having no pastor now, we members get together and hold a sort of service Sunday evenings. There's two churches here—the Methodists, and the Christians."

"Which is the biggest?"

"The Methodist; that is, there's the most Methodist people here."

"But the Christians are the best people, of course?"

"Well, stranger, I don't know. You see it's just a name for their church. The Methodists are supposed to be Christians, too."

"Oh," said the man, seeming to be struck by the pleasant situation, "then they're all Christians."

Here Thorne, straightforward soul though he was, began to grope around in such a way that his good wife came to the rescue.

"Why, father," she said, "everybody knows it's a quiet, reli-

gious place. Invite the gentleman, if he's going to work here, to come in with us. Surely, we shall get a pastor before long?"

"What's the reason you haven't a pastor now?" inquired the stranger.

"It's a hard job to keep one here, mister," said Mrs. Thorne, being compelled to again answer for her husband. "Our church here has had hard luck, or maybe, as Mr. Thorne says, the preachers have. It was found that one didn't preach what he believed in, and the last one savored of the world too much to suit most. It was found that he smoked tobacco on the sly, and voted the Democratic ticket, and—"

"Hush, now, mother," warned Mr. Thorne, "you'll get started and say too much. It's enough, stranger, to say that charges were made against the last man, and he had to go."

"I see it all, I see it all; there is no need to explain further. That old jewel of truth this people have long sought in their teachers, and alas, where is it to be found? Yes, I see it all; and now, my kind friend, if you will show me any place to sleep, even by the warm stove here, if there is wood to last, I shall be content. Tomorrow I will see what the prospect is for work hereabout."

Taking Truthful Henry at his word, without delay, Thorne showed him to a good, comfortable bed. Mrs. Thorne's admonition that her husband supply the stranger with a dry night-gown to sleep in only aroused the response: "Tell the good woman what I want, I'll ask for," and soon all were slumbering soundly beneath the rain that now pelted steadily on the roof. Job Thorne had come to the conclusion that his visitor was nothing worse than a harmless crank; and so, peaceful in mind and upright in heart, he slept as soundly as the truthful guest that stormy night through.

With the morning's dawn, the clouds broke away; and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, the stranger thanked host and hostess most feelingly, and took his way toward Deacon Melvin's, where he had been directed to apply for work. Thorne had no work to offer, as his main source of income was a snug sum he had banked in days ago, but Melvin was ready and quick to avail himself of the lusty looking tramp's help.



"Most of you fellows come on a Saturday night, and get through work in time to leave Monday morning, but since you come in the beginning of the week, it's a good mark, and I'll try you. What might your name be, sir?"

"Truthful Henry, sir," was the respectful answer.

"That's a nickname; what is your right name?" persisted the deacon, book in hand, ready to set down the name when he got it.

"Why, I think that's a very right name, Mr. Melvin. It generally distinguishes me from any other Henry that's around, and I don't need anything more."

"Well, I'll write it down that way, then, and I hope that as long as you work for me you'll live strictly up to your name. I've got a son named Henry that's quite a promising lad, and if your name will distinguish you from him, it's all I'll ask."

Thus came the truthful hobo into the employ of Deacon Melvin, who was accounted one of the most important men, both financially and religiously, in White Ridge. It being too wet to go into the harvest field that day, the two Henrys were set to sort out a wagon-load of old corn in the ear, which was to be sent to the town market, about three miles distant. While the corn was being sorted the deacon came around, and said:

"It's a trifle musty, and my horses are so used to having the best that they're dainty on it. But any hog will eat it, and most horses. I've promised the livery stable man a load, and you might as well take it there, Hank."

When Melvin's Hank got ready to go he was given Henry the tramp for a companion, so the corn could be disposed of quickly. They were admonished to get back home as soon as possible, for everything must be put in readiness for a start at the grain in the morning.

The corn looked well as they started away, for the few bushels of fine yellow ears, among the forty bushels that the load contained, had somehow found the top. The good Melvin could hardly have told when or how he got used to doing things that way. Perhaps nothing was further from his mind than the idea of doing wrong in thus trying to keep up with enterprising neighbors.

Not the most patient man in the world was the deacon, so when

he waited till after four o'clock for the two Henrys to return, it was no wonder that he should grow uneasy. What if that fair-spoken tramp were a bad man, and had done away with young Hank, sold the load of corn, and run away with the horses? But, what was the use of being a believer, if one could not trust Providence to look after its own? This thought came to him, and he went in to comfort his anxious wife. He insisted that they both trust for the best, and she must go about getting the supper as usual, for it must be ready when the dilatory marketers should come. Faith had its reward. Soon a wagon drove into the barnyard in the dusk of twilight, and young Hank was heard clattering through the gate toward the house. But heavenly goodness! the boy was crying.

"Hank, Hank! what is it? What did he do to you?" inquired the father.

"He didn't do anything, but keep me from sellin' the corn," bawled the promising son, in a pitiful way. "He told Jenks at the livery stable that you said yourself it was musty, and Jenks wouldn't buy it."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Melvin, and nearly fell on the plank walk. "Told him I said it was musty? Oh, heavens!"

"Yes, but that ain't all," sobbed the boy, "I then went to sell it to Jarley, for his hogs, and the man said you thought that hogs would eat the corn all right, if horses wouldn't. Jarley wanted to know what was wrong with the corn, and the man told him right out that it was musty, and that you had slung a few bushels of good corn on top. Then Jarley called you a hypocritical old — Oh, father, it's too bad a name to tell!"

Now the mother came up, wringing her hands, and inquiring: "Oh, oh, what's the matter?"

"Enough's the matter, mother, and it's that man father hired that did it. I went to four places to sell the corn, and he'd just sit on the load and always tell 'em it was musty, and I had to bring it back. That's what took so long."

The mother wept with the boy, and the father's groans were pitiful to hear; but he at last gathered his manhood, and started out to interview the hired man, who had just finished feeding the horses and was pulling off the harness.

“So you brought the corn back, I see.”

“Yes, they all say they don't want musty feed for stock any more than you do yourself.”

“But, heaven save us, man, I didn't tell you to tell them the corn was musty!”

“Mr. Melvin,” said the hired man, quietly, “my name is Truthful Henry, and you said yourself that if the name distinguished me from your Henry, you would be satisfied. I didn't speak in any case till it was clear that your son wasn't going to. Besides, you said that I couldn't stick to the truth too closely to suit you. Anyhow, sir, I wouldn't give a cent for a man who had to be told to tell the truth. My name is Truthful—”

“Never mind that harness!” roared the angry Melvin. “Here's a dollar and a half for your day's work, and you can go to the house and get your little bundle. You can go to the devil if you like, who is a wicked meddler like yourself. Get you gone, the quicker the better to suit me!”

That finished the scene, for the man said not another word, but took the proffered silver with a graceful bow, and started for the house. Soon Truthful Henry's figure vanished in the darkness on the road toward Thorne's. The Melvin family gathered in the kitchen to talk over the horrible blunders that must go far toward blasting a fair business reputation, and to quiet down as best they could.

The next morning found the tramp seeking work over at Harburn's, and as the harvest was pressing, no denial could be given so promising an applicant. He went out into the field, and at noontime Harburn came in enthusiastic over his new hand. The fellow was no common tramp, that was certain.

“I shouldn't think he was,” said Mrs. Harburn, “for he told me this morning that his name was Truthful Henry, and that he meant everything he said. You don't find many like that, tramp or no tramp.”

Everything went on nicely at Harburn's till just before bedtime, then—it having been ascertained beyond a doubt that the hired man was trying to live a right life—Henry was invited to join in family prayers. When it came his turn, the man began thus:



“O Lord, would it not be a great shame to be called truthful before men, and to shrink the truth before Thee? Bless, O Lord, this good couple, for I believe their hearts are right, but do reform their children before the little ones get further set in their bad ways. By what I have seen today of one boy, I take him to be the making of a bad man, a useless one, at least, if he is not soon curbed. All I can say to them will do little good, but I wish the family well, and so am glad of the opportunity to lay their needs before Thee. I trust them with Thee, for these two good people can never be made fit to rear children by any other wisdom than the heavenly. I like Mr. Harburn and wife too well to leave them without a commendation to the only true wisdom, the great source of power, and the fountain of truth—to thee, O gracious Lord! Amen.”

When morning came, it did not seem the same house. Everybody ate breakfast in silence except Johnny, and he only called his sister a few hard names and threw a pickle at her head to emphasize his words. Father looked so troubled and mother looked so cross that Johnny failed to raise a racket at the table proportionate to his strength of will, for probably the first time in his young life.

After breakfast, when they had gone outside, Harburn said to the hired man:

“Henry, I am a little sorry to part with you, but cannot help it. My wife says that either you’ll have to leave, or else she will, so I see no way out but to let you go. Here is your pay for yesterday’s work. I think, Henry, you can get a job over at Munstall’s.”

“Is he a churchman, Mr. Harburn?”

“Oh yes, stiff and strong. He is the man who brought charges against the Methodist preacher. You’d suit him all right I think.”

It was yet time to do a day’s work, and again the little red bundle was strung on the end of a stick and slung over the truthful and industrious Henry’s shoulder. Harburn noticed that the stick had been carefully set up against the house the day before, from which he figured that his late assistant had not been greatly disappointed—at least, that the sudden loss of a job was not a surprise. Harburn really liked the tramp, for all his outspoken

way of praying, but felt then he could not take the risk of retaining him.

Munstall snapped at the chance to get such a likely looking harvester, and Henry went straight to work without giving his strange name or doing much talking. Munstall was a rather austere man, who believed first and foremost in keeping things going. The new man seemed to be a hustler, and that at once set him up in favor. At noontime, during the hour's rest, the employer found time to grow familiar, and said:

"How is it, friend, that you are so good a man at work, and still go tramping about the country? I should expect a man like you to be rich in worldly goods."

"Mr. Munstall, my name, for one thing, is against me; I am called Truthful Henry."

"Why, that name shouldn't be against any man."

"No, it shouldn't be, but it is. The trouble is, having the name, one must live up to it. To do that keeps a man moving. I struck here three days ago, and I'm now on my third job."

"Well, your name will never hurt you with me, friend," asserted Munstall, emphatically.

"Perhaps not," said Henry, "but your ways may not suit me; in fact, from what I have already seen, it is impressed on me that I shall soon have to move again. You were driving a horse in the field this morning that no humane man should try to work, not to mention a professing Christian, as I understand you are. A man who objected to his minister's smoking tobacco, as I understand you did, would do well to observe the common feelings of humanity toward poor dumb brutes. I could hardly eat my dinner thinking of that horse being doomed under so cruel a master to drag a leg as large as his body after him till he falls down in utter exhaustion. I would rather be a truthful, feeling hobo as I am, than —"

"My dear Henry, you do not know the circumstances — you are not just with me. You have not been truly informed for what reasons I objected to the minister."

"Perhaps you are right in that, Mr. Munstall. But I can clearly see for what reasons you work your pitiful wreck of a horse. In this you are certainly moved by covetousness and greed,

sins that Christ puts along with the worst crimes of fallen humanity. Sir, I do not see how a man like you, making a high Christian profession —”

“Never mind, Mr. Truthful Henry,” interrupted the employer, grown very red in the face, and the sweat standing out in big drops on his forehead, “we won’t argue such deep questions further. It’s time that we got out to work.”

That afternoon the Harburn atmosphere seemed to have settled over Munstall’s. However, the well-meaning messenger of truth who was raking up the quiet, self-sufficient little community, had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts were taking some effect. The crippled horse stayed in the stable all that afternoon. It seemed that for very shame Munstall was like to weather the storm, but when Henry went out to feed the pigs that night, and came back telling about the shameful condition of their pen, considering what one should expect of the owner, even the steady-going farmer went adrift — or more properly, perhaps, the truthful hobo did.

Again the old refuge at Thorne’s was sought; and now Henry lost a whole day, while the air began to grow heavy with all sorts of stories of the strange man who was going about the place. The evening of that idle day came the regular prayer meeting service, and old Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, accompanied by Henry, wended their way to the church. Melvin, Harburn, and Munstall were there, but Harburn’s was the only face among the trio that bore a pleasant look. He had evidently heard of the troubles of the others, and his own experience seemed nothing in comparison.

Munstall, as usual, led with a long prayer, praising God for His goodness; then a half dozen others prayed, showing a tendency to follow the leader’s high theme. After this came singing. At last a deep and solemn voice arose from a back seat, and all knelt quickly to get as far down out of observation as possible.

“O Lord, we tell Thee of thy goodness, while forgetting our own evil ways. Alas, I am a bad man compared to what I ought to be, but if I have courage to tell the truth, what of those who cannot even hear it?”

“Father, no need to say that many of these people are hypocrites, for Thou knowest it, and they themselves know it well.



The only question is: how may they be bettered? At the rate I am going, I shall soon run out of work in this place. I cannot meet people in the road, take them by the neck, and tell them how mean they act, and how insincere they are. • They might then have me arrested for a prowling hobo. One must have some chance. O Father, make them hire me! I can thus the better watch their ways and tell them the soul-restoring truths that are so far lost as to be a new gospel to many. I thank Thee that I can love men in spite of their false, hollow lives. This people sorely need the truth, and I am longing in my soul for a chance to give it to them — longing to be hired by someone here this night.

“O great Lord, do not be angry with me because I keep back, being weak, many things I ought to say. Give me strong words, even the words that Thou didst use to the buyers and sellers in the temple, and to the Pharisees and Sadducees. Let not such a brood as infested Jerusalem of old be trained up at White Ridge, a lovely gem of nature from Thy hand, O Lord God!”

A few plaintive attempts at prayer came from the half-hidden people, some of whom seemed to have crawled under the seats. It was very much like the faint and fearful peeping of hidden chickens when a hawk is known to be near. All finally joined in the most solemn singing of the doxology that had ever been known at a meeting there.

After the meeting, to the crushing astonishment of Melvin and Munstall, and the wide-eyed wonder of all, Harburn came up and requested the dreaded stranger to come and work for him in the morning. There was fearful looking in one another's faces, and a hurried shuffling out. Was there ever such a wonderful answer to prayer known, or was there ever such a foolish man as Harburn? These two questions divided that bewildered throng as it marched homeward with little in mind but the now famous tramp and his strange doings.

No sensation like this had ever come to the village. Busy tongues set White Ridge in a ferment during the two remaining days of the week that were quietly worked out by the stranger at Harburn's. The startling report got around that Mrs. Harburn had promptly picked up and left her husband, rather than put up with the man who had insulted her in such an uncalled

for way before her family. Everything that Truthful Henry had said or done seemed to be rapidly going the rounds, with some things that he had not said or done. It proved to be a false report about his parting husband and wife, but some other wild rumor immediately came to fill the vacancy. In the midst of it all came a happy gleam of certainty on another subject of interest — happy because it served to greatly cool the heated public mind. A message came from the presiding elder.

DEACONS MELVIN AND MUNSTALL,  
White Ridge M. E. Church.

*Dear Brethren, —*

It is with pleasure I announce that you will have a temporary supply sent to you next Sabbath, and if you like the man, he will probably consent to stay. Your church has proved one of the hardest to suit in the district, but I have chosen this man with your late troubles in view. It is my sincere hope that he will not prove another disappointment.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES CASTRELL, P. E.

It was no uncommon thing for a preacher from outside to come at the very hour of service. But when the people gathered at the regular hour on this occasion, more nervousness and impatience than usual were to be noted. Thorne's and Harburn's tramp sat stiff and straight in the same back seat he had taken at prayer meeting. How cruel to get where the people could not watch him. But lo, the dreaded truth-teller arises, and slowly makes his way forward to the pulpit. Heads go together, and the whispered, "I told you so!" is not absent. It is still the common humanity, insincere under a striking and severe lesson.

"Brethren," — the deep voice seemed to echo and awake strange sounds through the church — "certainly I have tried to live up to my name, Truthful Henry, among you. I have now to give another name, which I hope to live up to as well — George Henry Thorne.

"In the old days when the Forney school burned, I was not in the building, as was supposed, but a gang of roughs, seeing me hidden in an old shed in the darkness, and in dire fright, stole me away, knowing that the accident would shield them from all suspicion. Under what strange conditions, what help of divine

Providence, I grew to be a man, need not now be told. It remains only to say in this connection that your worthy presiding elder was my acquaintance and friend long before he or I came here. Through him my parentage was lately discovered, and I was brought to the arms of a loving father and mother. My short but eventful stay among you would lead me to give this aged couple a strong tribute of praise, were it not for the near ties of relationship.

“Now, I shall not preach to you much of a sermon today — I have been preaching for a week past. I have been trying in a simple, and I hope an effective way, to make you people see yourselves, as the Scotch poet has said, as others see you. The humblest of you may be able, some time, to do me the same service I have tried to render. If I have spoken with a surprising plainness to any who may hear me now, think a moment; — you will realize that a just God will certainly speak plainer to you in the day of judgment. You people have sense enough to know that what I found wrong among you was your fault, not mine.

“Understand, brethren, I had never come among you as I did without the prompting of a far higher motive than to act the spy on your manner of living. I knew this people nearly as well before coming here as I do now. The pit that most preachers are cast helplessly into was here open before me. I was to be sent here among your selfish prejudices which you imagined to be religion — a bound and gagged victim. Should I try to say an honest word to better you, I knew the gag would be tightened. So I besought the presiding elder to let me come to this people in my own way. Now I know that there shall be, so long as I remain among you, perfect freedom between us, and no minister can faithfully do God’s work among any people in any other connection.

“Your friend and brother, should he remain as pastor, will know no other creed but that all men should have reasonable condemnation for wilful wrong doing, and reasonable praise for right doing. So the only thing like a sermon in my talk today shall be a just tribute to Brother Jacob Harburn. He had probably more cause to get offended than any of you, and his situation was most delicate, yet he accepted the truth at once, and with an honest heart. Not that the man remained my friend, but that he



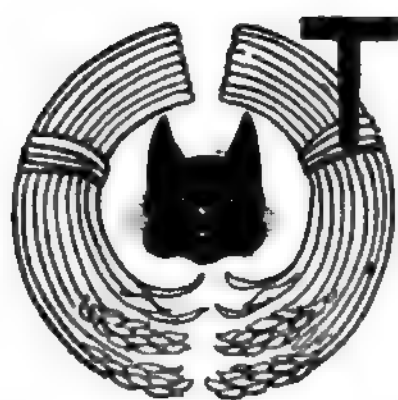
remained friendly to the word of truth, he shall have praise of his divine Master, and deserves it of his neighbors. Amen!"

The new preacher captured everybody at once, with the exceptions of deacons Melvin and Munstall. Melvin actually backslid, but returned again when the dust of musty corn got out of the air. It was Munstall that proved the wary Abner of White Ridge, to be won only by slow and tedious campaigning. He could not forget that lame horse long after the faithful animal had gone to the bone-yard. But he got tired of standing alone, and came around at last. The aged father and mother rejoiced much in the rare manliness of their lost and returned son; and brother Jake Harburn and wife, whose children soon became as mannerly as any, held ever an honest pride in the part they took in the advent of Truthful Henry, the hobo reformer of White Ridge.



## When the Parrot Spoke.\*

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.



TOWN gossip was in a flutter of speculation: Doctor Harriman was among the bidders at the public sale of Ann Motley's furniture!

It was, of course, common knowledge that once upon a time the Doctor had been the accepted lover of Ann Motley, but that their tranquil courtship had come to a sudden ending and that from that time to the day of her death the timid and reserved spinster and the kindly doctor had gone their separate ways. What had come between them, why they never again spoke or met, nobody knew. Evidently, there had been a quarrel — proving that love's course runs no more smoothly in the summertime of wooing than in its season of bud and blossom; but beyond this there was naught but rumor.

There were those who professed to note a change in the Doctor since he had ceased to call at the garden-cloistered cottage on the hill. Nor were these observers far amiss; for whatever may have been the extent to which he gave visible sign of his troubled heart, the estrangement between him and Ann Motley was to the Doctor an unending source of sorrow and bitterness. It was not so much because of what he had said to her in the moment of their little storm, for he had spoken with obvious unmeaningness, but it was because she would not forgive him.

After the first day of ruffled temper and pride he had chivalrously acknowledged himself in the wrong; and, unheeding the words she had uttered in the stress of overwrought emotion, declaring their love and their friendship at an end, he went to her in penitent love, craving forgiveness. But she refused to receive him. Prim, sensitive Ann Motley! The timid love that had had its first awakening in the sunlight of his presence had shrunk back

\* Copyright, 1906, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

into her heart, wounded and affrighted. He had profaned her proud sensibilities, and she felt that she could not forgive him. And therefore it was that she refused to see him and that when he wrote to her she declined to answer his letters.

“Your silence tells me,” he wrote in his final appeal, “that you cannot know how deep and all-absorbing is my love for you. If the few hasty, unmeaning words that escaped me in a flash of thoughtless irritation have outweighed with you all I have said or done, it is useless for me now to attempt to convince you to the contrary. I shall not again ask you to take back the love you have cast aside. I pray only that you will forgive me. Surely, you cannot deny me this. Let me know by some word or sign that I have your pardon for my cruel though unintended words, and I shall ask no more. Grant me this — not for my sake, if you so will it, but for the sake of the friendship, the love, the happiness that once were ours.”

These were the last words he ever addressed to her. She did not respond. Silent and unforgiving, in obedience to the dictates of an exacting conscience, she shut herself out from his life.

Then, with the pride of lofty manhood, he respected her decision and thereafter bore himself toward her as a stranger. Never again did he approach her nor mention her name. Yet there was not a day during all the weary years that followed that he did not bow in spirit before the shrine of his buried love and pray to heaven that he might some day know she had forgiven him. In vain he sought to ignore the blight that her unforgiving silence cast upon the sacred memory of her being. It lay upon him as a curse; and as time went on his prayer became a craving — a morbid, brooding passion — inspired by a dread lest he or she should die before his soul should be cleared of its deepening blot.

Throughout his daily life it haunted him with a restless fear. Yet he gave no conscious outward sign to the world nor to her of the torment of his spirit. Ministering to others in their trials and afflictions; ready always with his kindly interest and words of cheer, and giving to weary hearts the comfort and the benediction of his tender sympathy, he shared with no one the burden of his own cross; but, alone and un comforted, he bore it in mute desolation through the unbroken silence of the years.



And when, one evening in June, she passed away suddenly and without the herald warning of sickness, — her heart having gently ceased its work as she dozed in her chair, — the blow fell upon him with crushing despair. She was gone; leaving him alone, utterly alone — and unforgiven!

Yet withal there remained the nebulous hope that perchance she had left among her papers some message for him; something that might tell him she had not departed without an answer to his prayer. And thus it happened that he was present at the sale of her little property and was the highest bidder for the old-time mahogany desk, which the auctioneer described and put up for sale with irreverent harangue. And because of the sacredness attaching to the things that had been hers — to the things associated with the bygone days of their love — he bought her books and her clock; her ivory-type portrait of herself as a girl; her little cushioned rocking-chair, and the old piano — with its brass-mounted legs and its candle-racks — upon which she used to play for him the sweet melodies of the long ago as they sat alone in the dim light and quietude of love's happiness.

“Two fifty I'm offered for this parrot and the cage,” shouted the auctioneer in noisy fluency, breaking in upon the Doctor's wandering thoughts. “Do I hear three dollars? Two fifty, two fifty! Do I hear three? Three dollars I am offered; three dollars is bid; going at three dollars!” he sang on, interpreting an undesigned nod on the part of the Doctor as a bid at the higher figure. “Going — going at three dollars! Three dollars! Going, going — gone! — to Doctor Harriman.”

The Doctor started in surprise and was about to protest, as the cage with the parrot was brought forward and placed with the other things he had bought. Checking himself, however, in order to avoid possible controversy, he accepted the situation without comment. He had not meant to buy the bird, nor did he want it. It had for him no association with Ann Motley; for, in truth, according to the statement of the auctioneer, it was a comparatively recent acquisition. Nevertheless, it was now his; and thinking to dispose of it in time to some one who might care for it, he had it taken to his home with the other purchases.

In the solitude of his library, breathing now an atmosphere of

another presence and of other days, he opened her desk. With trembling hands and with a disquieting sense of profanation, every drawer, every recess was carefully, tenderly, explored; but his search was fruitless. There was nothing — nothing for him; no message, no word, no token, not even his own letters, to comfort him with the belief that she had retained some lingering regard for his memory. Was it then true, as his embittered soul had feared, that she had gone without loving him, without remembering, without forgiving him?

He closed the desk and sank upon his knees. A convulsive sob shook his bent frame; and, throwing himself forward, he buried his face in his arms upon the little rocking-chair that had once been hers.

About him were the deepening shadows of twilight and the hush of eventide. The old furniture of Ann Motley, with its generations of hallowed memories, lent a mellow sanctity to the stillness of the room; and in the enshrouding calmness, with the face of sweet Ann Motley looking down upon him from the desk beside him, his heart poured forth its anguish in silent, sobbing tears.

Then suddenly a voice, low and quavering, and seemingly afar off, broke softly upon the shadowed silence:

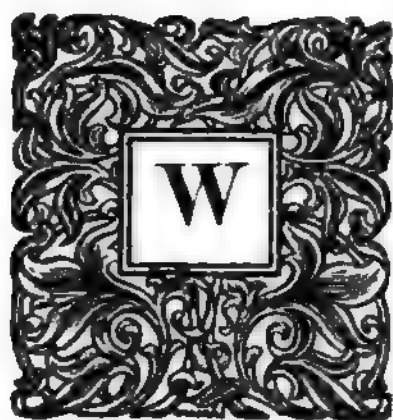
“Grant, O Lord, that he may yet come back to me and know that I love and forgive him.”

For a moment after the voice had ceased the Doctor remained motionless. The slight flutter of wings and the tapping of a beak upon the bars of a cage alone disturbed the ensuing quiet. Then, raising his head, the Doctor clasped his hands before him in sudden fervency, and as his eyes were lifted up to heaven, filled with the light of a strange awakening, a smile of illumining peace shone upon his countenance; and as spirit communing with spirit his face grew beautiful in the softening radiance of revelation, and upon his parted lips there trembled a soul-uttered prayer — an answering message of love and thanksgiving.



## On the Lee Shore.

BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG.



WHEN the business day was over and the lights were lit in the peaceful valley town that lay at the foot of the hill, it was an unfailing sign of the hour that Col. Denby Grier should come in a slow dignified fashion out of the great door of the hill house and seating himself in a big roomy porch chair light a long cigar which glowed through the evening like a great rosy firefly in the soft dark.

From my window a little farther down on the opposite side of the street I have watched the old banker countless times as he sat there tilted back, his foot against one of the huge colonial pillars, and on the steps descending to the terraced lawn before him would be the dim group of white and color, his three daughters and some of their friends. Perhaps the tall, graceful slender white figures moving about among the peony beds would be Grace and Carolyn, the older girls, while the animated elf that always clung close to her father's place in the evening time was certain to be Mildred, the child who in that day was shyly entering the mysterious world of womanhood. But no matter where they were dispersed at dusk, the later dark always found them clustered about their father's feet and ever and anon till a late hour I could hear his resonant, drawling voice in one of those stories which had made him famous throughout the state.

The last time I was in Virginia I passed up the street and by the door of the old mansion. I stopped abruptly as it came into view above the thicket of lilac bushes that hedged the lower corner of the ground. A ruthless, marring hand seemed to have wiped from its prospect all of its rare old spirit, charm and beauty.

The imposing white gate-posts with their capitals were gone. The peony beds lay fallow, the steps were sagged, the pillars were hacked and scarred, the walks and the terraces sadly unkempt, and the sign of a boarding-house hung before the open door. The familiar chair and its venerable occupant, the master of the house, the gay friends and the stately daughters were gone. I knew the story well. I was informed of each detail of the thing that had befallen the family on the lee shore, for the wreck is spoken of to this day in all the region and so I was, I thought, fully prepared for the sight of the place, but I confess that I stopped short with a quick choke and stood for a moment looking abstractedly at the ghost of what had been.

It was the final chapter in a long lesson of protection of all that any man loves from what may befall it when he is no longer able to stand between his dearest and most treasured and the steady march of attacking circumstance. I am going to tell this story with its two wings that touch in conclusion. In fact, in these latter days, it has seemed to me that there was a commanding excuse for its being written and now it shall be set down, perhaps spread broadcast, and may it do the good that seems to me to lie within its scope.

I first knew the old colonel and his attractive family through his sister, one of the finest types of the southern gentlewoman it has ever been my privilege to encounter. She had married a New York broker, Edward Raymond, sprung of Connecticut Yankee stock, and a member of one of the best known firms in



Wall Street. Their house on Madison Avenue was one in which the gracious unobtrusive hospitality of the South was blended perfectly with the exact and brilliant life habits of New York. There one met people who were distinctly interesting on their own account, and with Mrs. Raymond the power to attract a coterie which any woman of society might envy was never used for any purposes of family aggrandizement but was merely recognized as the factor that brought to her door the friends about whom she really cared. Her days at home were a pleasure, where with other hostesses they might have been regarded as mildly unfortunate but necessary occasions.

Raymond in those days was, outside of his home, a hard bold man of business, intent on building up a great fortune. I have been in his office at more than one critical hour on 'Change when he sat at his desk, quietly giving brief succinct orders whose success or failure meant almost everything to him, and yet his voice never seemed to change in those times, his kindly eyes rarely lifted from the papers before him, his unlit cigar was set at a precise right angle to the firm line of his mouth and jaw, and when his hands passed to execute some detail, to pick up a pen or a telephone receiver, they moved with the steady manner that meant certainty combined with wonderful alertness. He was the highest type of the efficient American business man in the crux of battle. When the crisis was over he would lean back, strike a match slowly, light his cigar and let his mouth relax in an easy smile. This picture of him in that day I have drawn in this manner because I must pair it with another and a sadly different one later on.

One evening at a club dinner he met Senator John F. Dryden, of New Jersey, the head of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and they spent some little time in the discussion of conservative New England investments in which both were deeply interested. Raymond in telling me of the occurrence next day said:

"I had always thought of insurance as a sound business, good enough for those whose families are dependent on their efforts, and also the cause of a violent mania which possessed certain persons called agents and evidenced principally by an unflinching persistence. No *personal* application of it had ever occurred to me. Of insurance officials I have had little acquaintance and mentally pigeon-holed them as benevolent old gentlemen who would not discount twenty dollar gold pieces under thirty days' notice, but in the Senator I found a man of fire and steel, just as keen as I or any one I know in the accomplishment of his hands and brains and within himself a perfect business dynamo, well-governed and secure. Now, you know every man stands for a principle in his life work. Senator Dryden impressed me wonderfully and I decided to do honor to his principle, the principle of sound life-insurance. I asked a friend to do me the favor of finding out for me, if I could get written up for twenty-five thousand in his company."

It was not a difficult matter, Raymond being physically what is termed a good risk, in fact when I knew him many years later he still seemed such in every way. The policy was of the twenty-year endowment sort, and, as indicated above, was taken out in the Prudential Company.

It was merely a matter of chance that Raymond took this step and I know to a certainty that he forgot it completely only at stated periods, because matters, seemingly, a score of times of more importance were constantly before him. Quite different were the events which form the connecting link between this consideration and the pathetic story of the Griers.

The old colonel was of that provincial type of business man with an ancient style of letter book, and to whom the conduct of no deal was so important as to prevent the introduction of some long, whimsical, highly irrelevant darky story. He drove down to the bank an hour after it had opened each morning and at noon climbed into the antique rockaway and went home. Perhaps he came down in the afternoon, perhaps he was off astride of Bay Ben visiting some of his many farms or galloping furiously along some of the hill roads laughing with the exhilaration of a boy.

One of the young clerks in the bank was the son of an old friend and was supplementing his slender pay by collecting commissions for Northern business houses, representing tobacco buyers in making contracts, and soliciting life-

insurance. He was a reckless youngster, and had asked the old colonel so frequently for the hand of Mildred, and been told with such regularity and emphasis that her father was not yet ready to give up his baby, and certainly not "to a cussed young splinter like him" that he had no hesitancy about approaching him on any subject.

One spring Colonel Grier had found that with his knowledge of tobacco-growing conditions, his wide-spread friendships with Virginia growers, and his excellent location, he could venture into speculation on the crop with much assurance of large profits. This he did, and one day when he had cleared a hundred thousand for a month's efforts, the clerk went into his desk, and the following conversation ensued according to the colonel's gleeful relation of it many times thereafter.

"Colonel, I thought I would come in to see you about something that concerns Miss Mildred's future."

"You just let her alone, young man, and the devil will lose his best means of harming her future."

"Well, I am interested in this, too. What right have I to allow you to fail to protect the future of the girl I am going to marry? Suppose you shot me in a moment of self forgetfulness some day, as you have said you might do. Suppose business reverses and your being hanged should leave her penniless —"

"You audacious little cub —" gasped the nearly speechless colonel.

"I may be audacious, but those are cold facts, and I have come to ask you to take out a life-insurance policy in my company."

When the old banker had recovered from his rage, the whimsical humor and certain salt of sense in the situation appealed to him strongly and recalling the youngster he authorized him to procure a policy for \$5,000. The examiners found Grier to be a good risk. He was written up and signed it over jointly to the young lover and his daughter, telling them they might have a basket picnic and a month's house party if they should come into the money by his demise. It was all done in his capricious jocular way.

A few months went by, and again the wheel of fortune had turned up for the colonel in still more extended tobacco speculations, and one day the young man broached the subject of increasing the amount of the policy.

One of the colonel's oldest friends, Judge Sam Tucker, was sitting with him swapping tales of their boyhood, and both were in rare spirits. The visitor asked to see the policy, read it carefully and then said:

"Denby, I never saw one of these before, but I tell you it is a fine thing. You can do it. Build it up to \$50,000 for the three girls. You are taking long chances on everything else. Give them a little protection."

"By George, I'll do it, Judge Sam," answered the colonel with a bang of his fist on the desk, and he did.

Raymond was handling the New York end of the successive deals that were being put through in tobacco by his brother-in-law, and spurred on by Raymond's boldness the colonel went farther and farther afield in his operations. The little bank and the farming business of his numerous tracts became very minor matters indeed. The people of the South were beginning to call Col. Denby Grier, the "Virginia Tobacco King," when suddenly the scene changed.

The spring of the year following the increase of the policy, the New York stock market turned on Raymond to pay up its old scores of raiding he had perpetrated upon it. His enemies saw he was hit and gathered together their full forces to batter and crush him if they could. In two weeks he was crippled. In a month he was approaching a crisis, and early in June he took train one Saturday, after the close of the Exchange and hurried away to Virginia for a Sunday morning conference with Colonel Grier, who had not known thus far that Raymond was in any real danger.

It was a morning that I shall never forget. The beauty of the valley, clean washed by a heavy rain the night before, was that radiance of yellow sunshine, that white flecked blue sky, and those stretches of brilliant varying green with white houses picked out among it, which have made June in that region



famous. All the flowers but the tardy roses were in full bloom; the peonies made the terraces before the hill house seem one enormous burst of color hurled on a green velvet tapestry. The quiet of the Sabbath lay brooding over the town, and coming up the hill were little groups of neighbors returning from church. Mrs. Raymond had been staying with the Griers for the month, and she and the girls with some friends were just turning into the gate when she caught sight of her husband's white face as he and the colonel, standing before an upper window, saw our party and turned away to come down. Instinctively she ran a little way up the walk to the wide-open door within which we could see the double stair and its old-fashioned turn and landing.

Vividly, as if it were an hour ago, I see the two men, so different in type, so utterly unlike in life, descending the steps, care and anxiety written on every feature of their faces.

Just at the landing, the colonel reeled, caught feebly at the rail, pitched forward as Raymond cried out in horror and caught vainly at his arm, and came crashing down the flight to lie bleeding and dead across his own threshold.

Still in my mind's eye I see the hurrying figures, hear the bitter cries of anguish, and watch the startled neighbors coming to tender their aid to the stricken household. Leaning against one of the pillars, looking off across the far hills of the old state, stood Raymond, his face like white clay and every line of his mouth and jaw so changed that I knew Fate held the victory over him.

The next day he was of necessity in the saddle again in New York, but all the tide was against him, his last bulwark was gone, and when the Exchange opened the next morning the first feature of the day was the announcement of the failure of the old firm of which he was the real head, and among the brokers who paused a moment—a moment only in their own affairs—the whispered truth went abroad that Edward Raymond had collapsed physically and mentally and was at that moment battling with death in an uptown sanitarium.

Strange to say he survived, but all his former powers of aggression were gone. When the entangled affairs of his house were straightened out it was found that the ruin was complete, and when the courts were through all that was left of the splendid fortune was a little house in a suburb of Brooklyn, in his wife's name, something she had bought intending to give it to a faithful servant some years before. There I saw them the last time—she sewing peacefully on the little porch, he pottering around the small lawn looking after his pet plants and shrubs, the two of them living quietly and perhaps more happily than ever before on the \$1,200 per year which comes in from the investment of \$25,000 which they received last winter when the endowment policy matured.

Of course the colonel's death left his tobacco deals half finished, his estate losses through Raymond's failure did the remaining execution, and when the administration had cleared up the affairs of Col. Denby Grier, the sole ward between his children and complete dependency, the only thing to keep his daughters from going into the town mills to earn their own living was the \$50,000 Prudential Insurance policy. In the words of old Judge Sam, the colonel's life-long friend, a poor man himself, "It stood out like a chimney tower above the blackened ruins of a mansion that had been swept by fire."

So, it seems to me, the lesson is complete. In setting it forth, I am glad it redounds to the benefit of that great institution which in the stress of a late hysterical day has not been found vulnerable to assault any more than that mighty Rock, the impregnable Gibraltar, the Keeper of the Eastern Gate, whose staunchness it has taken for its emblem. The principle is good and the millions who have their welfare bound up in the conduct of this company have shown their complete approval of that same conduct. I cannot forget the monition in the sight of Col. Denby Grier at the height of a noble and unsullied career of success, plunging down to lie white and silent before the eyes of those entirely dependent on his continued existence.





## The Making of a Man

### A Hint to the Poorly Paid.

Successful, valuable work, whether physical or mental, depends upon your thinker—your power to concentrate, and to act.

A man succeeds in measure as he is fitted for his work.

Keen, active brain, and steady, reliable nerves to carry out its orders, depend upon the kind of food you eat.

Literally millions of successful workers in all parts of the world have found by trial that


# Grape-Nuts

is the perfect food that makes and keeps them sturdy, and able to command money, fame and power.

**“There’s a Reason”**

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

**MAGIC LANTERNS**



**THE BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT**

Illustrated Catalogue, explaining how to make money on a small investment, **SENT FREE.**

**Stereopticons, Slides, Moving Picture Machines and Films.**

Sole Makers of the Bright White Light, the best brilliant portable, economical light for Magic Lanterns. Latest up-to-date, Electric, Calcium and Acetylene Stereopticons and Moving Picture Machines. San Francisco Views. 500 other sets with interesting readings and colored posters. Slides for Secret Societies, Churches, Sunday Schools, etc.

Williams, Brown & Earle, Dept. 12, 918 Chestnut St. Phila., Pa.

**ELECTRIC** Supplies and Novelties  
Catalog of 200 free  
if it's **ELECTRIC** we have it.  
**OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio.**  
The World's Headquarters for Electric Novelties.  
Supplies, Books. We undersell all. Want Agents.

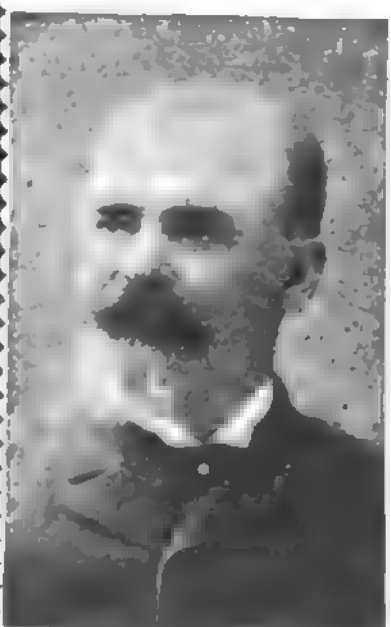
**Be Your Own Boss!**

**MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR.** You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and **FREE** particulars.  
B. C. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.



**PARISIAN ART**

Reproductions of famous paintings from Paris Salons. A choice collection of studies of the human form by the most noted French Artists. Album of 32 pictures engraved on antique enamelled paper, size 11 x 15. Subjects: *Repose, At the River's Edge, The Dream,* and 29 others, together with an enhancing *Art Photo* mounted on ebony finish board, size 14 x 17, all for 50c, prepaid, including illustrated pamphlet **ONTARIO ART CO., 235 Ontario Street, Chicago.**



**CHEW...**  
**Beeman's**  
**THE ORIGINAL**  
**Pepsin**  
**Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

For Sale at Every Drug Store

**LADY SEWERS**

wanted to make up shirts at home; \$10 per 100; can make 2 an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to **UNIVERSAL CO., DEPT. 100, PHILA., PA.**



**Hale's Turkish Hair Elixir**

Restores gray, streaked or faded hair or mustache, quickly and permanently. Harmless—does not stain, stick or grease, but returns to its original color and youthful condition. Promotes the growth, removes dandruff and beautifies the hair. 25c. by mail, 5 for \$1.25. **THE TREMONT CO., DEPT. A, BOSTON, MASS.**

**AGENTS WANTED Everywhere**  
**Big Catalog**  
**And Sample Outfit Free**

Agents given 30 days' credit; pay the wholesale price for what is delivered, and keep the profit. No money needed; everything furnished except the sweat; you manage the business; we will show you how to succeed. Many of our 900 agents cleared over \$1800 last year. We sell portraits for 35 to 75c—frames 15 to 50c and a full line of sheet pictures, stereoscopes and art supplies. **Big Catalog and Free Sample Outfit now ready.**  
**CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO., 290-298 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.**

**LADIES**

to work on piecework, \$3.00 per dozen. All materials furnished. No canvassing; steady work. Stamped envelope.  
**BEST MFG. CO., Champlain Bldg., CHICAGO**

**WE HAVE CORNERED**

the greatest money making proposition in this country; secret divulged to first applicant from each city, town or village. Agents should secure territory immediately before too late.  
**B. H. SHERMAN, 21 Dover St., New York.**

**RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER**

Write to-day for **FREE** sample of our Remedy—never fails. Mention this magazine.  
**HAY-FE-NO MEDICAL CO. St. Paul, Minn.**

**BARODA DIAMONDS**

Set in Solid gold mountings. You can own a diamond equal in brilliancy to any genuine stone at one-thirtieth the cost.

**FLASH LIKE GENUINE**

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first than pay. **CATALOGUE FREE, patent Ring Measure included for 5 two cent stamps.**



**THE BARODA CO., Dept. 28, 930 North State St., Chicago, Ill.**



**Multiply This in Your Head**

Wouldn't you like to be able to figure this and hundreds of other similar problems in your head? Wouldn't you like to be able to add, subtract, multiply, and divide any problem almost instantly without writing any partial product—to be able to simply write the answer?

**Our Free Book, "Rapid Calculation"**

thoroughly explains a method which will make you a master of figures. It describes a system by which you can figure instantly the most intricate sums in your head; handle groups of figures and fractions as easily as single whole figures; in fact, cut the work of figuring in two.

A better position and a large salary have come to hundreds who have read this book. If you want to better your position, to increase your salary, to make yourself worth more to yourself and your employer, to hold the whip-hand in financial transactions, to make your work easy and interesting instead of tiresome, you should write for this book at once. It will cost you nothing but the trouble of asking for it. A postal will bring it to your very door. It may cost you a good position or a valuable promotion to neglect this opportunity. Write for it today before you forget it. Address

**COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 42 N. Commercial Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**





**Well—  
What Are You Going  
to DO About It**

**The Coupon  
Below Has  
Brought  
Higher Wages  
to More Than  
75,000  
Poorly Paid  
Men.**

**Why Not  
to you?**

Here it is again, this big opportunity. Now, what ARE you going to do about it? If you had filled out the coupon the first time you saw it, it's likely you would be holding a high-class position to-day. Within this past year, a host of people no better educated, no better off than yourself, have started on the road to success by way of that coupon, and many of them are already earning twice what they did a year ago.

Are you going to keep putting this off till it's everlastingly too late? Or will you fill out the coupon THIS time and begin getting ahead in the world? If you just make up your mind now that you are going to be better off at this time next year the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS will make the way easy for you, will bring to you by mail the training required to fit you quickly for a responsible position in one of the occupations listed on the coupon. The I. C. S. will bring this training to you, mind, at your home, in your spare time, without interfering with your present duties.

**Just read that  
coupon again—  
and DO some-  
thing about it.**

**International Correspondence Schools,  
Box 834, SCRANTON, PA.**

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

Bookkeeper Stenographer Advertisement Writer Show Card Writer Window Trimmer Commercial Law for Real Est. Ag'ts & Convey'cers Illustrator Civil Service Chemist Textile Mill Supt. Electrician Elec. Engineer	Mechanical Draftsman Telephone Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. Mechan. Engineer Surveyor Stationary Engineer Civil Engineer Building Contractor Architect's Draftsman Architect Structural Engineer Bridge Engineer Mining Engineer
---	---

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A PIANO

"When I was finished, and the proper authorities had examined me and pronounced me worthy of the name I bear, they boxed me up and shipped me away up in the frozen North and put me in a St. Paul piano dealer's window for the passing multitude to inspect, and, if they chose, to admire.

"A Major in the United States Army saw me, passed, hesitated, came back, and after an examination and trial, purchased me. I was delighted to have so interesting and important an owner, but little did I know what was in store for me, for this was my itinerary of some 28,000 miles in the course of a very few years:

"To Fort Totten in North Dakota, by rail and even by sledge, in zero weather, where, among other things, I entertained Indians strange of garb and manner; then to Fort Custer, 700 miles away, and later to Fort D. A. Russell, in Wyoming—a trifle of 1,500 miles more travel by wagon as well as rail; back East as far as Columbus, O., then away to San Francisco, where, precipitated violently into the hold of a ship, I was sent to the Philippines, where my master was ordered. After seeing action in the campaign in the far-off Pacific Islands I was fortunate enough to be ordered—or rather my master was—back to the States and across the Continent to Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga. During the years of my pilgrimage I have been frozen and thawed, rattled and banged about, hustled here and there, standing sometimes on my head and subjected to ill treatment by all sorts and conditions of men, yet I am proud and happy to state that when I came back to civilization and was turned over to my original makers for repairs—no repairs were necessary! A little polishing and cleaning up, and here I am, a Gabler piano, proud of my ancestry, and as good as new.

 **EVERYTHING** you require in the way of Tambos, Bones, Burnt Cork, Gags, Jokes, Wigs, etc., etc., **FOR AMATEUR MINSTRELSY** in our catalog No. 2, illustrated. You can have it for a postal. Write for it to-day, **POSTPAID FREE**

**THE CREST TRADING CO.**  
77 D Witmark Bldg., New York

**We Want** in every town and city  
**an Agent** in the world to get new  
subscriptions for the  
**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN**

We pay larger cash commissions and give better premiums for this work than any other magazine published.

Send 4 cents in stamps for our New Illustrated Premium List, and full particulars in regard to getting subscriptions.

**DO IT NOW IT WILL PAY YOU**

**National Sportsman**

(INCORPORATED)

**88 Broad St., BOSTON, MASS.**

## VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Man or Boy at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room 36, 3040 Knoxville Ave., PEORIA, ILL.

## SIX MONTHS FREE

**THE INVESTMENT HERALD**

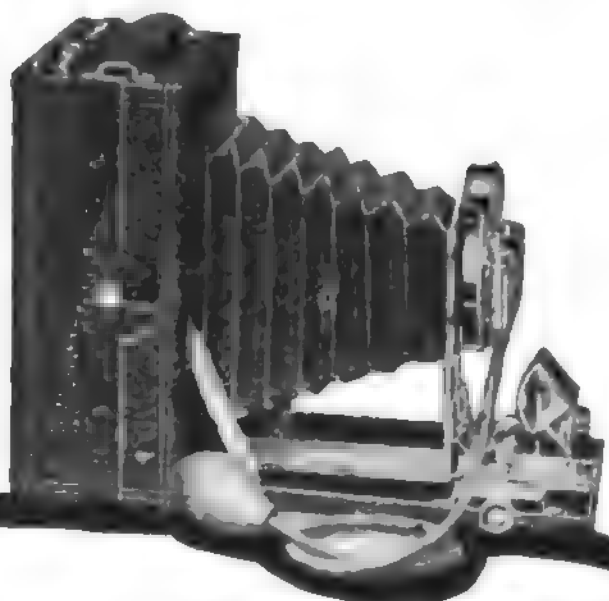
Leading illustrated financial and investment paper, containing latest and most important information on mining, oil and other industries, the most successful companies and the best dividend paying stocks. It shows how immense profit may be quickly and easily made on absolutely safe investments. It gives advice that may be worth thousands of dollars to you. It points out a safe and certain road to wealth. Write for it before making any investments of any kind.

**A. L. WISNER & CO., Publishers,**  
Dept. 10, 78-80 Wall Street, New York.

**CARDS SEND TODAY FREE**

TO INTRODUCE OUR SUPERIOR ENGRAVED CARDS

we will send a dozen postpaid absolutely free. We know that you will order more when you see them, and tell your friends about our high-grade and stylish Visiting Cards. Just send your name and address, plainly written. **Card Case Free!** To all who send remittance of 50c for 100 cards we will send free with order a handsome Moroccoline Flexible Leather Card Case. Many dealers would charge 50c for the Case alone. Say whether you prefer Script, Old English or Roman Lettering. Satisfaction guaranteed. ENGRAVED CARD CO., Box 162, Detroit, Mich.



## Filmplate Premo

Takes plates or Premo Daylight Loading Films with equal facility. Permits use of the ground glass for focusing with either, and without the necessity of special attachments.

Three sizes:  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ , \$24.00;  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  and  $4 \times 5$ , \$26.50.

Catalogue on Request

**ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.,**  
86 South St., Rochester, N. Y.

# MENNEN'S

## Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER



The Mennen Caddie offers instant relief from chaps and skin roughness which keen fall winds bring to out of door folks. **MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM POWDER** is put up in non-refillable box—Mennen's face on the cover guarantees it's genuine. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Gerhard Mennen Co.  
Newark,  
N. J.



"Try Mennen's Violet Talcum Powder."

# QUILTED MATTRESS PADS

**M**ONEY spent wisely means comfort and pleasure to the spender. You go to bed to rest. Quilted Mattress Pads will make your bed comfortable as well as keep yours and baby's bed in a perfect sanitary condition.

The cost is small—and when washed they are as good as new.

Ask your Dry Goods  
Dealer

**Excelsior Quilting Co.**  
15 Laight Street, New York, N. Y.

For  
"play-time"  
at  
all ages

For  
"between-  
meals-  
hunger"  
out-o'-doors



## MACKINTOSH'S T O F F E E

IS THE ONLY  
**CANDY**

delicious beyond imagination, that fits every pocket in price and shape of package. It is handy to carry when boating, driving, tramping, or "just resting" and proves indispensable. Avoid the dangers of ordinary candy. Mackintosh's Toffee is a candy that is

**PURE**

nourishing, good, and safe to eat at all times. Boxed in "caramel" form.

Any dealer can supply you (5c., 10c., or \$1.60 tin) or will send out and get it. If not, write to Dept. 2,

**JOHN MACKINTOSH**  
78 Hudson Street • • New York



## GALLANT, BUT TOO SHORT

THE CARTILAGE COMPANY, of Rochester, N.Y., is the owner of a method whereby any one can add from two to three inches to his stature. It is called the "Cartilage system" because it is based upon a scientific and physiological method of expanding the cartilage. **THE CARTILAGE SYSTEM** not only increases the height, but its use means better health, more nerve force, increased bodily development and longer life. Its use necessitates no drugs, no internal treatment, no operation, no hard work, no big expense. Your height can be increased, no matter what your age or sex may be, and this can be done at home without the knowledge of others. This new and original method of increasing one's height has received the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians and instructors in physical culture. If you would like to add to your stature, so as to be able to see in a crowd, walk without embarrassment with those who are tall, and enjoy the other advantages of proper height, you should write at once for a copy of our free booklet, "How to Grow Tall." It tells you how to accomplish these results quickly, surely and permanently. Write to-day.

THE CARTILAGE CO., 423 N. Unity Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

## SEPTEMBER IN THE ADIRONDACKS

No finer place can be found than the Adirondacks in September.

The air is cool and bracing, the scenery beautiful and the sense of perfect rest that comes with the night is delightful.

This wonderful region is reached from all directions by the



"America's Greatest Railroad"

For a copy of "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them," send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, Manager General Advertising Department, Grand Central Station, New York.

C. F. DALY,  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
NEW YORK.

Mr. Léonard Sucer, Bookseller and Art Publisher, PASSAGE DU DESIR, PARIS, FRANCE, is at the disposal of clients having any requirements to be attended to in the French Capital. Postage, 5 cents.

## Old - Fashioned Woven Quilt

I desire to purchase one of the old-fashioned blue and white home-woven quilts such as were made in Cortland County, New York, in about 1848. Name of maker and date woven in ends. Must be in perfect condition. Address, naming price, T. E. DYER, 45 Otis St., Medford, Mass.



## Blue?

Are you blue? Are you heart-sick? Are you homesick? Does life hang heavily on your hands? Are you waiting for the clouds to roll by? If so, here is your

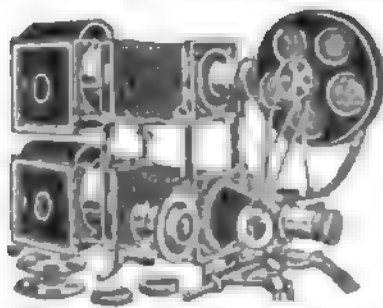
Cure. As this cure covers nearly 2,000 pages of Sunshine and Happiness, an advertisement can give but a mere outline. It consists of 200 of the most Awakening, Fascinating, Rousing Stories of Mystery, Adventure, Love, Humor, Travel, and Pathos ever told and costing The Black Cat, in which they appear, more than \$20,000. They will be delivered to you at once, all complete, carriage paid, if you will send us \$1.00.

Here's a Treat that is big enough, good enough, and lasting enough to enable you to share it with half a dozen friends and still have a big dollar's worth left.

The Shortstory Publishing Co., 144 High St., Boston, Mass.



**IT PAYS BIG To amuse the Public With Motion Pictures**



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our Instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfits with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. **Astonishing Opportunity** in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge

halls, theatres, etc. Big profits each entertainment. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us and we'll tell you how. Catalogue free. **AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 454 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.**

**MAKE MONEY EASY**

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalogue.

**AGENTS EARN \$75 to \$300 A MONTH.**

(We show you how.)

Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. **NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 483 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.**

**DON'T LEAVE HOME**

WITHOUT ONE OF OUR

**Emergency Sick and Accident Cabinets** IN YOUR SUIT CASE. Contains 24 articles most likely to be needed in case of sickness or accident.

**THE AUTOIST, TRAVELER, RESORTER**

and any person liable to be sick or meet with accident should have one. Price, \$1.50. Express charges prepaid. Large sizes for factories, etc., \$7 and \$4. Canvassers wanted. **The Accident Cabinet Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

**MYSTERIOUS SKULL!**

Great fun! Shines in the dark with a fearsome blue light! Funny ghost! price 15cts. post-paid We will send our new illustrated catalog of Magic, Tricks, Illusions, etc., containing hundreds of tricks, accessories, etc., absolutely



**FREE** WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY **THE CREST TRADING CO.** 77E WITMARK BLDG N. Y.



**Magic Tricks**

5 good tricks, complete apparatus, full directions, 15c. Illustrated catalog of all kinds of

**Magical Apparatus Free**

**BAILEY & TRIPP CO.,**

Box 418 . . . Cambridgeport, Mass.



**A Happy Marriage**

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

**Sexology**

(Illustrated)

by **William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.,** imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$3.00 Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents. **Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 133, Phila., Pa.**



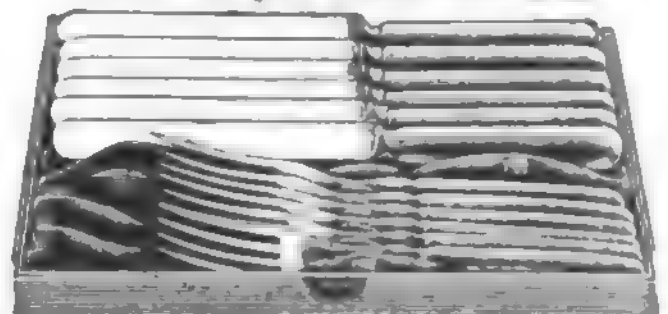
**Print Your Own Cards**

circulards, ac. Press, \$5. Small newspapers, \$18. Money maker, saver. All printed rules. Write to factory for catalogue of presses, type, paper, cards, etc.

**THE PRESS CO. MERIDEN, CONN.**

**GOOD CUTLERY**

From America's best Hardware House where the good knives come from



We make this extraordinary offer of a handsome sample silverware set as an inducement for your acquaintance with the quality of our goods. This set is triple silver plate on a base metal of nickel silver; knife blades are 5 1/2 in. long, forks are four tine, the handles of both are solid, oval shape, either polished or satin finished, 6 knives, 6 forks, guaranteed for 10 years, complete with case. Satisfaction guaranteed **\$3.50** Send postal for catalogue money refunded. Price **\$3.50** log No. 114. FREE.

**ORR & LOCKETT HARDWARE CO.** ESTAB. 1872 **Chicago, Ill.**

We are glad to open a 30-day account with responsible firms or individuals.

**How to Make Money in Copper**

The most fortunate people in the country to-day are those who own copper stocks. The demand for this metal increased 30% last year. Copper producers worked day and night, yet they could increase their out-put only 8%. As a result, the price of the metal has risen rapidly; and will continue to rise — consequently copper is now paying the richest profits of any industry in America.

Fourteen copper companies during the last six years have paid in dividends \$146,000,000. In 1905, \$35,000,000 was distributed by copper plants in the United States and Mexico alone! This money was paid to thousands of men and women, many of whom invested from \$10.00 to \$1,000 in the copper industry in the right way and who are now receiving large annual incomes. In some cases an investment of \$100, made only six years ago, brought an asset now worth \$20,000. It is possible to make an investment in copper now that will earn large and increasing profits; but you must get into copper in the right way and not in the wrong way. You must act while the opportunity is open.

The man who wishes to make his savings earn a large and satisfactory income for him, should write to **WILLIAM S. BARBEE**, 830 National Life Building, Chicago. Mr. Barbee is in position just at this time to give important suggestions and details. It is not wise to ignore this.

# Cook's Malto-Rice

**A Pure, Ready-to-eat Rice, Malted**



**RICE** contains more nutriment and supplies more energy to the human body than anything that grows out of the ground, and is the easiest food to digest.

**MALT** as a marvelously beneficial stimulant and tonic, man had known for centuries, but only yesterday did he learn to combine it to the greatest advantage with his food.

**COOK'S MALTO-RICE IS A PERFECT BLENDING OF MALT AND RICE.**

Thoroughly cooked, ready to serve from package to dish.

**EVERY PACKAGE OF MALTO-RICE IS STERILIZED.**

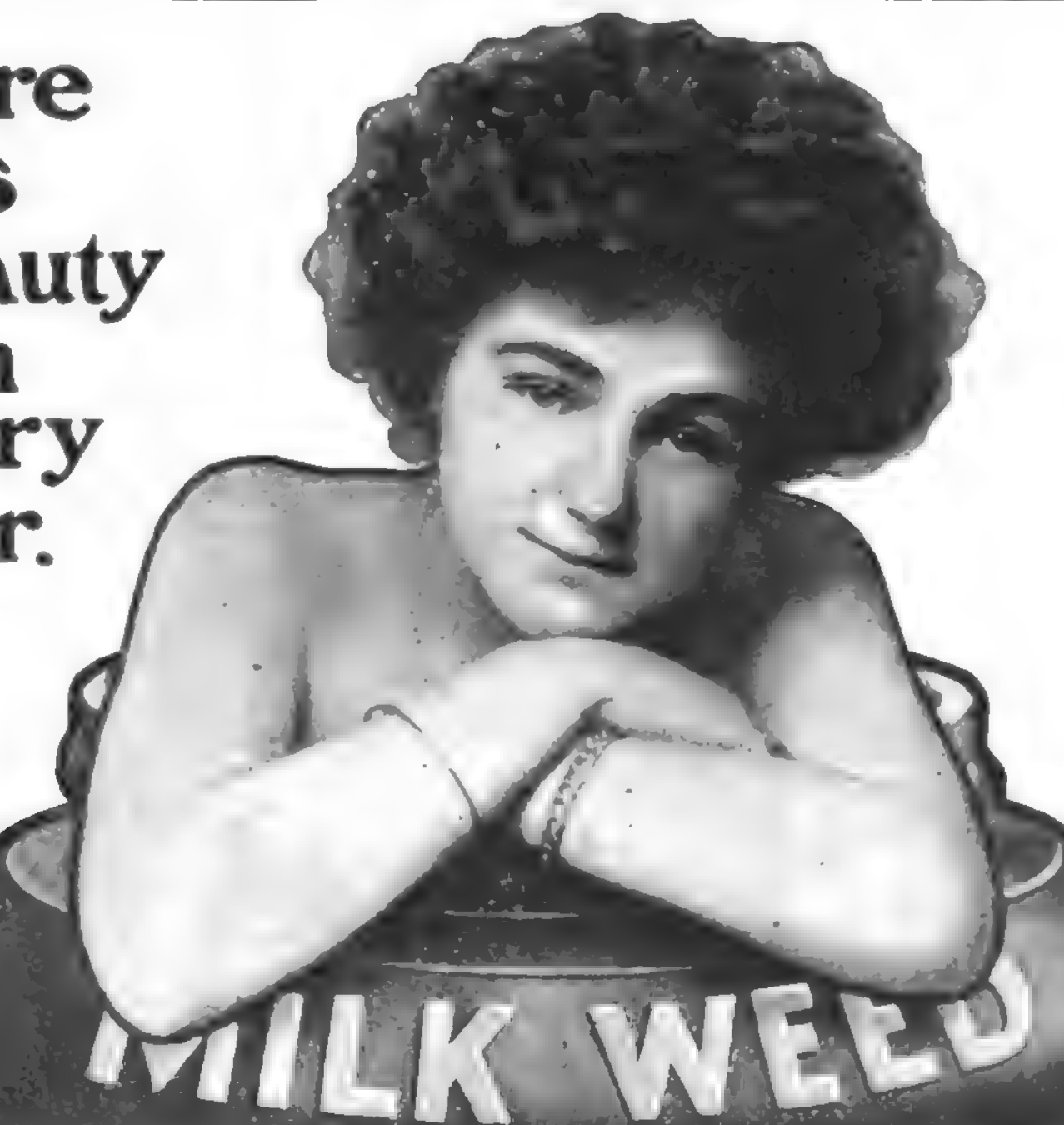
It's pure, free from "lumps," germs, and will keep.

**Ask your grocer to-day for a package of**

**COOK'S MALTO-RICE**

**15 Cents**

There  
is  
Beauty  
in  
every  
Jar.



Make us *PROVE* what Milkweed Cream will do

*Just send us your name and address and we will mail free a sample of this delicious, beneficial Skin Food, and also a booklet containing autograph letters and photo engravings of fifteen of America's Stage Queens. Mention the name of your druggist and we will also send an individual Tooth-Brush Holder Free.*

## Milkweed Cream

ensures brilliant complexions. It nourishes the skin and tissues, makes plump, rounded cheeks and firm, healthy flesh.

*Rubbing is unnecessary*, you simply apply Milkweed Cream with the finger tips and it does its own work. *Rubbing and kneading the skin makes it loose and flabby, causing wrinkles and large unsightly pores.*

Milkweed Cream is most economical, it is only necessary to use sufficient to cover the tip of your finger.

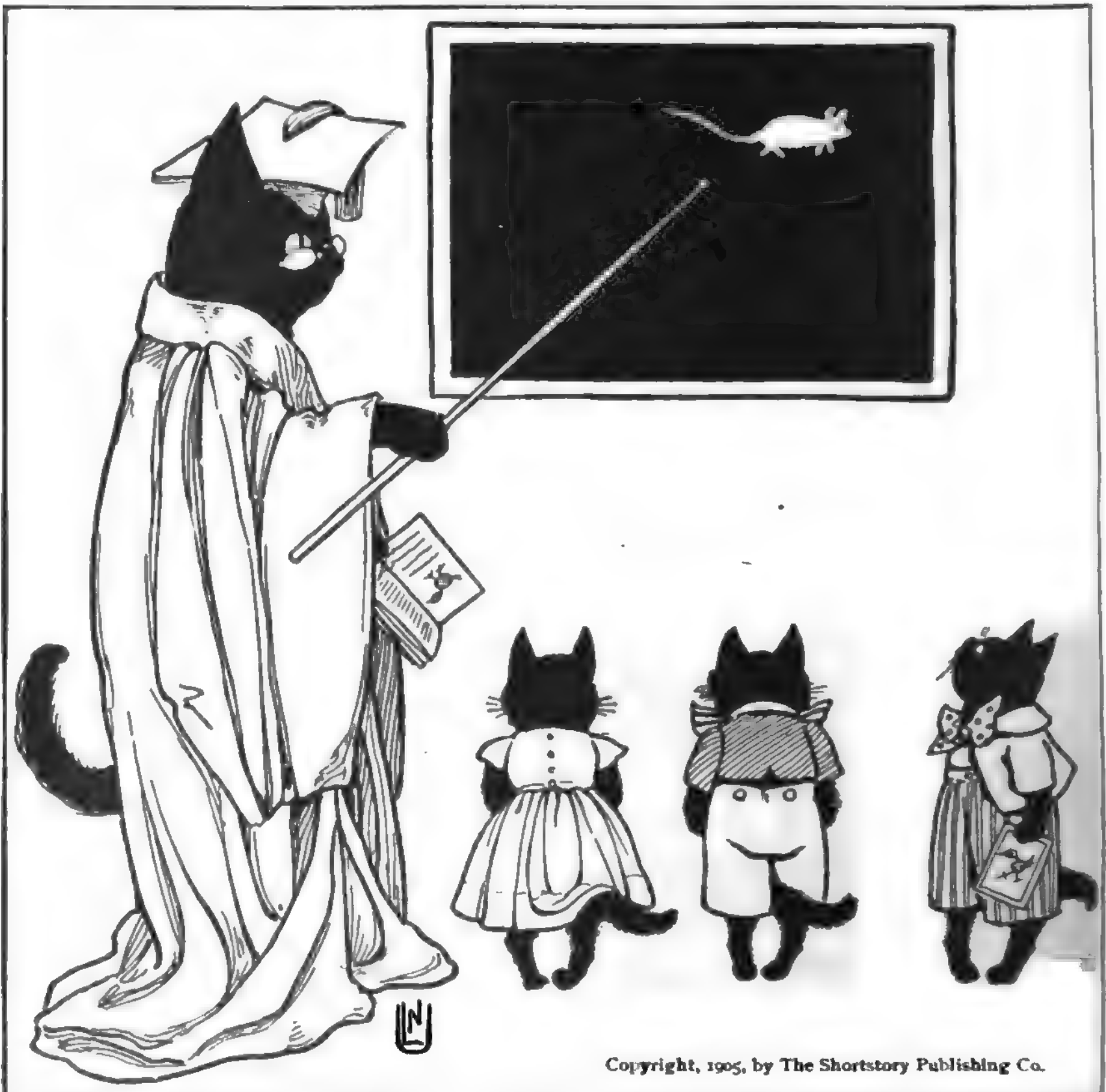
Milkweed Cream is not greasy, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin and its medicinal action is such that it *prevents shiny and oily skins, removes tan, freckles, blackheads, and all blemishes, defects and disfigurements of the skin and complexion.*

**Improves bad complexions  
Preserves good complexions**

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents a jar or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

**F. F. INGRAM & CO.**  
73 Tenth St., DETROIT, MICH.





Copyright, 1905, by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

Both press and public declare that nothing more clever than "*The Kindergarten*" was ever seen in cat pictures.

Here is a final chance to get a copy suitable for framing 8 x 10 1-2 inches. There isn't a home in which this artistic bit of cat cleverness doesn't fit in somewhere — whether it be the Den, the Nursery, the Cozy Corner, the Library, or the Summer Cottage. It is by Nelly Littlehale Umbstaetter, the artist of *The Black Cat* magazine, and forms one of 150 original designs which picturesquely present this famous feline in the role of the Minstrel, the Butterfly, the Football Hero, the Chef, etc., as also in connection with various sets of alphabets and tail pieces. The set cannot be broken and is only sold with a year's subscription to *The Black Cat* under the following special combination offer.

The <i>Black Cat</i> , one year, post paid	\$0.50
The set of 150 drawings in specially designed covering, post paid	1.00
	<u>\$1.50</u>

**Special Price for Both, 75 cents**

The Shortstory Publishing Co., 144 High Street, Boston, Mass.

# The HOE-MAN in the MAKING

## The Child at the Loom

BY



Edwin Markham.

Edwin Markham has a message for you.

¶ Edwin Markham wrote "The Man with the Hoe," which stirred to its depths the complacency of the nation. That was a *great* message. But now he has a **GREATER**.

¶ Beginning with the September *Cosmopolitan*, Edwin Markham tells how "The Man with the Hoe" is made — how, starting with a birth-state of ignorance and poverty, more than 2,000,000 American children in this free America are crushed by slavery into mental and moral oblivion.

¶ Here, under your very eye, slavery of children! The pity, the shame, the horror of a condition which permits children to come into this great, beautiful world — and slavery — industrial slavery! And there are over 2,000,000 of them. It is horror enough that

men and women are industrial slaves — but children —!

¶ Think of it, — little ones with no time for play, no time for sunshine and laughter, no time for books and school — but time only for ignorance and sorrow and work — **WORK** that the money-grubbers may get more money.

¶ In the September *Cosmopolitan* is the first article of the series by Edwin Markham — "The Child at the Loom."

¶ At the looms of the cotton mills, there they stand, wan little figures, day in and day out, in the choking, blinding, gloomy, deafening room, until disease — in most cases the "Great White Plague" — slowly, cruelly squeezes out of their frail bodies all the vitality that the mill-owners have left — and they live just as long as the disease lasts.

---

SEPTEMBER  
**C**OSMOPOLITAN  
10 CENTS

In order to be sure to get the whole series of "The Hoe-Man in the Making" articles, send \$1 for a year's subscription

1789 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Use this coupon in sending your subscription, but subscribing is not demanded of Song Contributors.

JOE CHAPPLE, EDITOR NATIONAL MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS. BC-8

Dear Sir: For.....herewith, please send the National Magazine to me for.....months.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

Sell Me a Song - I will pay \$1000.00

FOR GOOD OLD



HEART SONGS AND FAVORITE MELODIES

This offer is free for all.

As Mitchell Chapple

I am compiling a *National Heart Song Book*, and want the people of America to help me select the best songs for this magnificent collection. You can recall a song that has inspired you, a song that still lingers and endures. *I want that song.* Strike the "mystic chord of memory," and see what a flood of now half-forgotten songs will be started along the tide of recollection.

I want ten classes or kinds of songs, and forty-nine songs in each class. The ten classes are:—Patriotic and War Songs; Sea Songs and Chanteys; Lullabies and Child Songs; Dancing Songs, Lilts and Jigs; Plantation Songs and Negro Melodies; Hymns and Revival Songs; Love Songs of All Races; Selections from Operas and Operettas; Concert Hall Songs and Ballads; and College, School and Fraternity Songs.

For the best song in each of the above ten classes, I will pay \$25.00; for the second, \$15.00; the third, \$10.00; the fourth, \$5.00; and for the next best forty-five songs in each class I will pay \$1.00 each. Subscribing for the National is not a condition.

Heart value counts; in case of a tie the awards will be divided equally. We cannot be responsible for contributions; stamps should be enclosed for return postage.

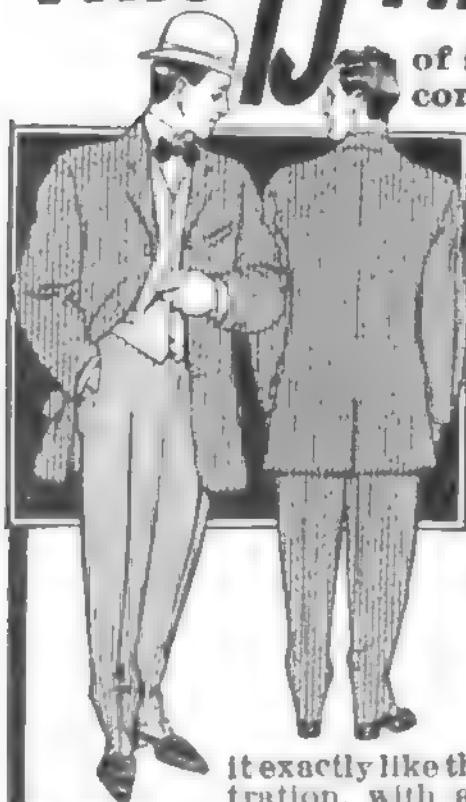
Those who endorse *The Happy Habit* should read the National Magazine—it's optimistic, with bright, sparkling stories.

10c per copy.

3 mos. trial 25c.

\$1.00 per year.

# THIS IS THE STYLE



of suits now worn by correct dressers everywhere. It is many years since fashion has produced such handsome and nobby garments for Men's wear. LOOK at the long straight front effect of coat, the shaped back with long vent. "They are beauties," will look well on old and young.

TO BE UP-TO-DATE order from us a full suit, coat, pants and vest made from the new dove Brown Worsted or a Black and White mixed cloth. We will make

it exactly like the above illustration, with an extra pair of striped worsted Trousers, and an extra fancy vest, to wear on occasion; practically two full suits for the price of one suit.

Besides, we send them to you in a neat, patent suitcase, without extra charge.

Let us send you a large illustration of the new suit, showing every detail in back and front. With it will send free newest samples for Suits, Trousers, Fancy Vests, etc. A postal card will bring them to your door. Address

**THE FIFTH AVENUE TAILORS,**  
901 Kesner Bldg., Fifth Ave. & Congress, CHICAGO

Reference: Royal Trust Company Bank. Cap. \$1,000,000.00.

**ALL ONLY \$10**

## Darken Your Gray Hair



DUBY'S OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a glossy and healthy appearance. **IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP,** is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate, arsenic, copperas, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.** It will

produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. **OZARK HERB CO., Block 18, St. Louis, Mo.**

**\$80** per month, expenses advanced. Men to travel, advertise, post signs, and leave samples. **Saunders Co., Dept. A, Chicago**

## 100% PROFIT

and more is being made in NEVADA MINING STOCKS

Greatest excitement since 1849. Manhattan, Bullfrog, Goldfield and Tonopah districts are all booming. People who know this new mining country and existing conditions say the boom has only just begun. Now is your time to buy for large profits before prices go up on the jump and get too high. We know of one very promising stock that can be had at 25 cts. per share if bought at once. The allotment offered at this price is small and will no doubt be snapped up quickly, as the prospect seems good to make 100 per cent. profit or more within 90 days. Other stocks from 5 to 50 cts. per share. Send for free illustrated Nevada prospectus, maps and full information.

**UNION SECURITY CO.,**  
408 Caff Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.



# Library of Great Stories The Review of Reviews

A TWO-YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION

**SENT FOR 50c**  
IN STAMPS  
Balance, 50 cents a  
month for 14 months

### Partial List of this Treasury of Entertainment

The Pope's Nule	Alphonse Daudet
The Mummy's Foot	Theophile Gautier
The Snowstorm	Alexander Pushkin
All Baba and the Forty Thieves	
Arabian Nights Entertainments	
The Gridiron	Samuel Lover
The Cremona Violin	Ernest Theodore Hoffmann
Providence and the Guitar	Robert Louis Stevenson
Story of a White Blackbird	Alfred de Musset
The Outcasts of Poker Flat	Bret Harte
The Attack on the Mill	Emile Zola
Without Benefit of Clergy	Rudyard Kipling
The Leg	Helarich Zschokke
The Falcon	Giovanni Boccaccio
The Black Pearl	Victorien Sardou
The Great Carbuncle	Nathaniel Hawthorne
The Lifted Vell	George Kilot
The Comet	Eckmann-Chatrian
L'Arrablata	Paul Heyse
The Necklace	Guy de Maupassant
Peter Schlemihl	Adelbert Von Chamisso
The Murders in the Rue Morgue	Edgar Allan Poe
The Man Who Would be King	Rudyard Kipling
The Piece of String	Guy de Maupassant
The Spectre Bridegroom	Washington Irving
A Fight for the Tsarina	Maurus Jokel
A Passion in the Desert	Honore de Balsac
The Man Without a Country	Hale
Rip Van Winkle	Irving
The Death of Olivier Becaille	Zola
Jeannot and Collin	Voltaire
The Wind in the Rose-bush	Wilkins
The Gooseherd	Sudermann
The Trial for Murder	Dickens
Wandering Willie's Tale	Scott
Dennis Haggerty's Wife	Thackeray
Reality	Reade
The Song of Triumphant Love	Turgenev

**M**R. HAMILTON WRIGHT MABLE is the editor of the exquisite eight volumes of the Little Masterpieces of Fiction, the first edition of which is just off the press. The greatest short stories ever written by the masters of fiction make up this set,

**Love Stories, Humorous Stories, Stories of Pathos, Stories of Tragedy, Stories of the Frontier, Detective Stories**

In short, the masterpieces in every field of story writing from Boccaccio to Kipling.



## Great Stories You Never Heard Of

**H**ERE you will find numbers of stories you never heard of, yet Mr. Mable says they are among the world's masterpieces, and he knows. Look at this array of authors whose fiction masterpieces make up this library. Some of the authors themselves you never heard of, probably. A few of the masterpieces you doubtless have read; in any such case, however, they belong to the small number of stories in existence *so thrilling, so beautiful, so classic, that they can be read twice or a dozen times with pleasure and profit.* So that there will not be a line printed in these volumes that will not have its recreation and library value for you.

In thirty years of magazine and book publishing in ten thousand fiction magazines and as many fiction books, perhaps one story might appear fit to figure in this library, perhaps none. But every story in this library is one that **must** be read by all intelligent people, and busy people will get this aid to a cultured understanding of the art of fiction with the least time and effort. In the reading of the young people, too, how important it is that the books they themselves pick out (and these are the only ones that really influence them) should be great literature. Can any one imagine this library of short stories being in any home without its being read by the boys and girls?

### Entire Set Now Ready — Sent on Approval

These few fifty-cent payments entitle you to eight beautiful volumes with photogravure frontispieces, containing the masterpieces of the **thirty-six greatest story writers of the whole world**, selected and edited by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mable; furthermore, to two whole years of the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS.**

There is a beautiful three-fourths leather de luxe edition of the Mable Library, costing only \$1.00 a month for twelve months.

**The Review of Reviews Company**

13 Astor Place, NEW YORK

B. C.

Send the new fiction Library which you are offering with the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS.** If I like the above books, I will make payments to complete the special offer price. Herewith find first payment of 50 cents.

*Cut out coupon and mail with first remittance to-day. Your money will be returned if you decide in five days not to keep the set.*



# “Here’s Health to You”

Means something when the beer is Schlitz.

For fifty years, Schlitz beer has been unique for its purity. We have adopted every idea, every invention that could aid to this end. Today, more than half the cost of our brewing is spent to insure that Schlitz beer shall be pure.

Yet to ask means to get it — instead of a common beer.

# Schlitz

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.  
See that the cork or crown  
is branded Schlitz.*

The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous.





No one  
who uses  
**RUBIFOAM**  
is ever afraid to smile.

Keeps the mouth and the  
teeth at their best

*25¢ Everywhere - Samples free*

E.W. Hoyt & Co.  
Lowell, Mass.



"High  
as  
the Alps  
in  
Quality"

If you LIKE  
Chocolate at  
all, you'll just  
LOVE

**PETER'S**

It's "irresistibly  
delicious," highly  
nutritious and  
sustaining.

DOES NOT CREATE  
THIRST

LAMONT,  
CORLISS  
& CO.

Sole Importers  
78 Hudson St.  
New York



WHEN YOU ASK FOR  
THE IMPROVED  
**BOSTON  
GARTER**

REFUSE ALL  
SUBSTITUTES AND  
INSIST ON HAVING  
THE GENUINE

The Name is  
stamped on every  
loop—

The *Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG — NEVER  
SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY



# The Liver

is the great

Store House  
of **ENERGY**

Don't congest it with **COFFEE**  
or you can't release that energy  
when required. Quit and use

# POSTUM

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



# Pabst Extract

## The "Best" Tonic

When you are nervous, sleepless or fagged out, try a small glass of Pabst Extract, morning, noon and night. It will aid your digestion, steady your nerves, bring you refreshing sleep and build you up physically.

25 Cents at all druggists.  
Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wis.

*Shoes*

*fitted with*

# O'Sullivan's

**Make Life of Men and Women Worth Living**  
Be calm and quiet, the clatter and clink of hard leather heels and nails are no longer tolerable. O'Sullivan heels are made of brand new rubber. That's why they give the elastic, bounding, comfortable, springy step of youth; that's why they outwear leather heels and all other rubber heels. More than likely you'll get O'Sullivan's when you order "Rubber Heels," for most dealers appreciate their superior qualities, but it is better to say "O'Sullivan's" to be sure of getting what you want. Scrap heap imitations cost the same, 50c attached.

If your dealer hasn't O'Sullivan's, send 35c and diagram of your heel to the makers.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO.